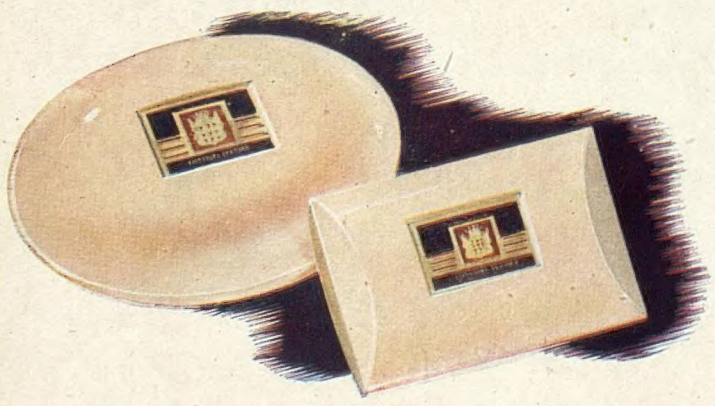
BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1944

NEGLEY FARSON
C. PATRICK THOMPSON
C. FOX SMITH
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS



THE MASTER TOUCH . . .

The dress illustrated was created by Norman Hartnell from his own exclusive print. Posed by Mrs. Robert Nesbitt. Imperial Leather Toilet Soap created by Cussons.

IMPERIAL LEATHER

TOILET SOAPS CREATED FOR THE DISCRIMINATING BY Cussons OF MANCHESTER

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 28, No. 1 JANUARY, 1944

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

There are Blankets & BLANKETS

Soft lamb's wool blankets are hard to find to-day. Definitely pre-war, like "Moderna" Blankets, of which their owners are justly proud!

We get many letters asking us: "Where can I get Moderna Blankets?" Unfortunately we must answer that we cannot make them till after the war, because we are only allowed to make Utility blankets to-day.

What we do make is the best that can be made, conforming to Government Regulations. But the "MODERNA" label will never be sewn on a blanket that cannot carry the "MODERNA" GUARANTEE of pure lamb's wool and unshrinkable. They'll come again!

Thomas RATCLIFFE & Co. Ltd.
MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS.

Those Savings Stamps are precious to you, they represent the price of things you have willingly gone without. Don't let the Squander Bug undo all your good work now. See that your stamps are safely invested so as to benefit you as well as the country.

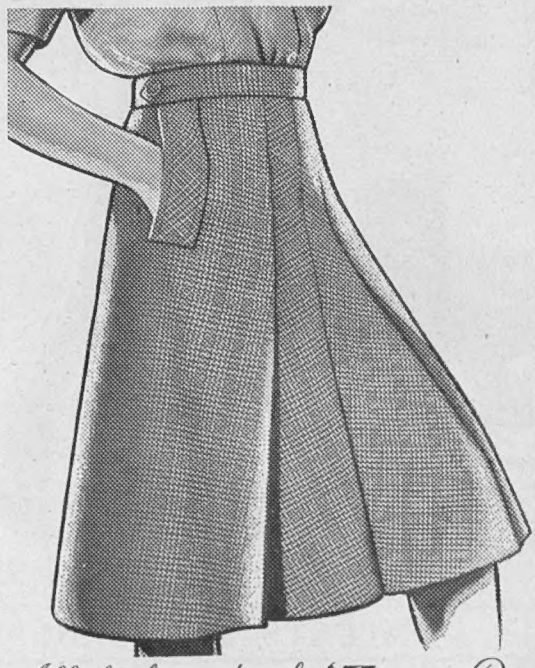
★

Use your Stamps to buy Savings Certificates, or to increase your deposit at the Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Pocket versus Placket ★

The extremely useful 'ZWOW' Pocket in place of the ugly, line destroying placket, with its bulging buttons or metal fasteners, is just one of the features which make 'Gor-ray' Skirts so desirable. Good drapers and stores stock them in many styles.



'GOR-RAY' Skirts

LOOK FOR THE 'GOR-RAY' LABEL ON THE WAISTBAND

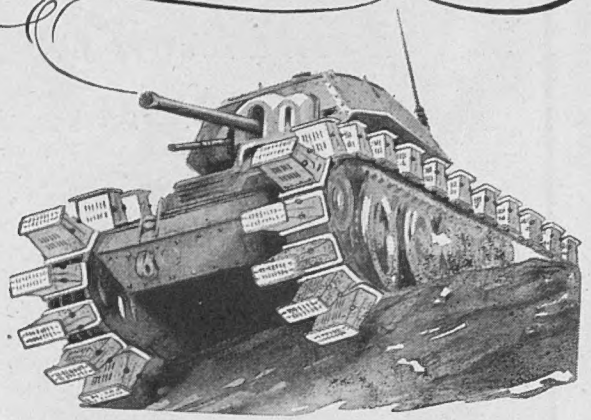
All the better for the 'Zwow' Pocket ★

ISSUED BY C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA

The Proof of the Biscuit is in the Eating!

Weston

Tanks can't run on toasters



—So G.E.C. Toasters are temporarily unobtainable, the same as most other of the Company's Household Electric Appliances, to reappear after the war in new and better designs, to give you a fresh appreciation of how much electricity can do in the home; but until then metal and labour must be diverted to priority requirements.

G.E.C.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

War Work and Liberty Shoes

Whatever war work you are doing, you will do it better if you Walk with Liberty. Tired feet are unknown to wearers of Liberty Shoes. Though they are the very last word in war time footwear fashion, they are amazingly comfortable. Smartness goes with perfect ease and coupon saving-wear—really marvellous value for money.

Liberty Shoes Ltd.

LEICESTER

B.E.5

To Every Mother of an under-6

The Radio Doctor answers questions vital to your children's welfare

Q. I hear a lot about rickets. How can I prevent my unborn baby from having this disease?

A. With cod-liver oil available for every expectant mother and young child in the country there shouldn't be a single case of rickets. Expectant mothers need the Vitamin D contained in cod-liver oil because they are at work on a new human body, the body of the child. Get fish-liver oil tablets — they're easily swallowed — from your clinic or welfare centre. Give the baby a daily dose of cod-liver oil until he is at least five years old. Children need fish-liver oil because Vitamin D is the mortar with which the human bony bricks are held together. Nations are born out of nurseries. And children are like houses. If they are jerry-built they stay that way for life.

Q. Why should my four-year-old need orange juice and cod-liver oil when he is not constipated and looks strong and healthy? I never was one for giving a lot of medicines.

A. These vitamins are not medicines but foods. No matter how flourishing he looks, your child needs the Vitamin D in cod-liver oil to build strong bones, and the Vitamin C in orange juice to protect his good health.

Q. The orange juice seemed to upset my baby when I gave it to her, and my three-year-old refuses to take his cod-liver oil.

A. When you give orange juice to a baby for the first time add plenty of water to the orange juice and a little sugar. Gradually decrease the amount of water. Don't add the juice to his milk.

In the same way start baby on a very small quantity of cod-liver oil, increasing the amount to the full dose when he is accustomed to it. If older children dislike cod-liver oil, give it to them in the form of salad dressing, fish sauce, or with mashed potato. There are plenty of dishes in which it can be mixed without being tasted.

Q. I gave my baby orange juice and cod-liver oil until he was two years old, but is it really necessary for him to have it now? The nearest distributing centre is some distance from my home and I have plenty to do.

A. Your child should have his vitamins for just as long as he has his green ration book. His health may suffer if you stop them now. I know it's an effort to keep that regular date with the centre but it's part of your job as a mother. The Government is doing its part in protecting your child's health by *providing* these vitamin foods. Do your part by seeing that he *gets* them.

HOW TO GET YOUR VITAMIN FOODS

1 Coupons for vitamin foods are now included in the new R.B.2 ration book. If you are an expectant mother you will have an R.B.2 ration book as well — if you have not got it you should get it from the Food Office. You must present a medical certificate when you apply.

2 You can get orange juice and cod-liver oil from any welfare centre, clinic or distributing centre. You need not go to the same one each time.

3 If you are entitled to free milk you will also get free vitamins, but you must apply at the Food Office for "free" coupons. Otherwise each bottle of orange juice costs 5d. and each bottle of cod-liver oil costs 10d. Get 5d. or 10d. stamps or the equivalent in 2½d. stamps from the Post Office and stick them on to the proper coupons. *Produce the stamped coupons in your ration book* at the centre and you will get your own or your child's supplies.

4 For expectant mothers, specially prepared fish-liver oil tablets which are easily swallowed are now available at all distributing centres. Take one each day. The price is 10d. for 45. You can use your cod-liver oil coupons to obtain your supplies.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S79)

FIRTH STAINLESS
We are steelmakers and produce the steels from which these and other goods are fabricated. We ourselves do not manufacture the finished articles.
Owing to the large demand, we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purposes for which this steel can be supplied.

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD SHEFFIELD

Wools are scarce — so mend and make do, but when buying wool, it is wise to

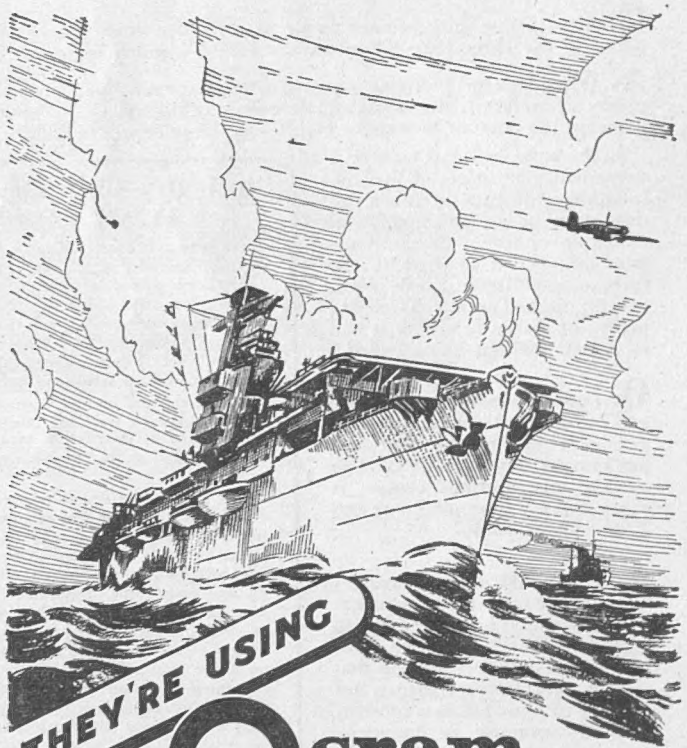
ASK FOR

Templeton's

"AYR" WOOLS

AYR WOOLS

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.
Worsted Spinners • AYR • SCOTLAND



THEY'RE USING Osram LAMPS ON BOARD

Your favourite lamps are helping to bring Victory

"How can I beat underarm perspiring?"

"Under Arms, my dear —use Milton rinse!"

Recipe for Milton rinse —1 teaspoonful of 'Milton' in a glass of water. After washing, rinse underarms carefully. All odour will vanish. 'Milton' is a great friend to women—read the leaflet round the bottle. 'Milton' costs 8d. & 1/11½d.

Milton

THE HYPOCHLORITE ANTISEPTIC

"ALICE"

A Tomorrow will dawn when imagination can have free rein again — when colour and loveliness can be added to craftsmanship and quality, to express the exhilaration of peace-time days. That is the glory to come. TODAY — we are making WAUKEEZI ORIGINALS with all the charm and style war-time restrictions permit, still finely made, good-looking shoes. They are obtainable in strictly limited quantities, from DOLCIS, LILLEY & SKINNER, MANFIELD, SAXONE and other high-grade shoe shops.

"Waukeezi" ORIGINALS

Each Shoe a Model Shoe — as Exclusive as a Model Gown!

WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD., 5 ST. GEORGE'S ST., NORTHAMPTON

The whole outfit under one roof

A.T.S. Jacket and Skirt - -	£11	5 0
Greatcoat - - - - -	£10	13 3
Shirt and 2 Collars - from		14 6
Cap and Badge - - from	£1	7 6
Stockings - - - from		3 10
Tie - - - - - - -		3 6
Shoes - - - - - - -	£2	1 0
Gloves - - - - - - -		10 6

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Telephone: Regent 6789

On every polished floor

GUARANTEED 100% NON-SLIP

Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and waterproof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum—yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as a result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given

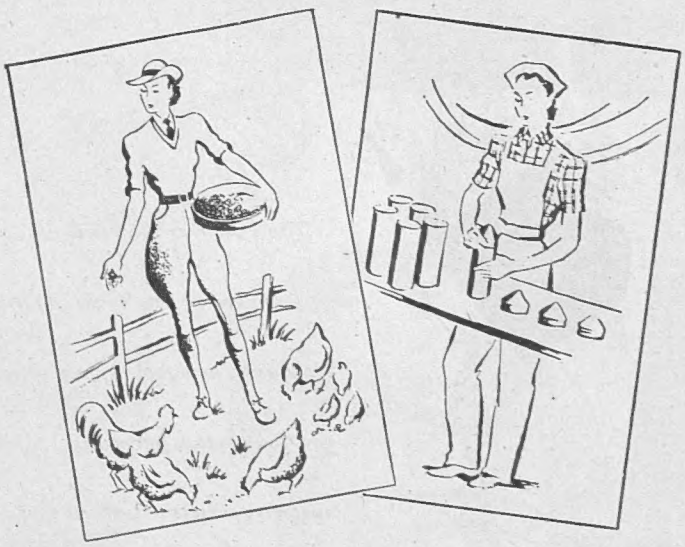
£100 FREE INSURANCE AGAINST SLIPPING

Sold in 2/- tins and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

Furmoto *non-slip* **FLOOR CREAM**

In case of difficulty write for name and address of nearest stockist to:

FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3 Brixton Road, S.W.9



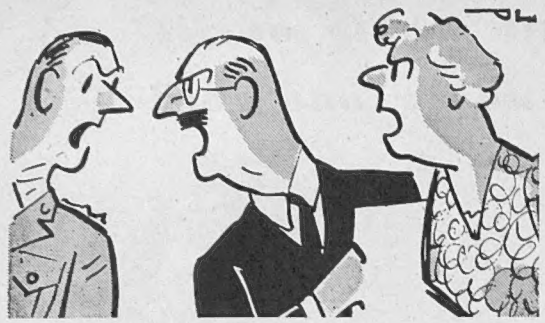
FOR wartime work and wartime pleasure; for peacetime tasks and peacetime joys—Anne French Cleansing Milk answers your need. For looking your loveliest for his *leave; for looking your best at work and rest time, you need Anne French Cleansing Milk. It not only deep cleanses the pores, getting rid of blackheads and other skin blemishes; but it soothes and protects your skin as well. For now and after the War, Anne French Cleansing Milk is more than a toilet luxury; it is a daily necessity.*

CLEANSING MILK BY

Anne French

OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

"Stop arguing, you two!"



Not so long ago, Mrs. Dean enjoyed hearing her menfolk putting the world to rights. They didn't argue then; they just told each other. Nowadays tempers sometimes get short, and so does her patience. Mind you, they're not war-grumblers. It's just that the whole family is suffering from over-tiredness, and they haven't realized that it's preventable.

Fatigue comes when the body uses up its strength-reserves more quickly than they are replaced. Irritability is really an S.O.S. for more nourishment — particularly fats of the right sort — to replenish those reserves.

Never mind the shortage of butter and eggs. There is a far finer natural source of vitamin-fats which isn't even in short supply, let alone rationed — cod liver oil.

The richest, most dependable cod liver oil is SevenSeaS. It is a pure sea-fresh oil which has a pleasant flavour and is easily digested.

SevenSeaS is a concentrated *food*, and a remarkably nourishing one. Take each day as much as your system needs and you'll have a constantly renewed 'nest-egg' of nervous strength. And you'll feel a lot better all round!

SevenSeaS pure Cod Liver Oil from Chemists in 3 forms. Standard Oil 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6. Concentrated Oil 1/9. Concentrated Oil in Capsules from 1/9.

PURE SEVENSEAS COD LIVER OIL

The Post-war Girl will find many exciting pages in her Book of Fashion. New hats, new frocks, and of course new foundation garments. No more austerity corsets! Instead there'll be the versatility of Youthlines—a model for every figure and each one a dream of elegance. We won't tantalise you with details now, but the name to remember is Youthline

GIRDLES CORSELETTES AND BRAS BY W.B.

You remember the day when you declared for brighter bathrooms and yielded at last to the appeal of those beautiful, pastel-tinted VANTONA towels? "Morning Joy" was the special name for them, wasn't it? How good to find now that the name still rings true, that your VANTONA towels wear and wear as if they knew that there was a war on. They'll last till happier days bring you more selections of these lovely towels, guaranteed for you by the same familiar name tab.

VANTONA "Court" Bedcovers, VANTONA "Blansheets," VANTONA "Morning Joy" Towels and VANTONA Down Quilts, etc.

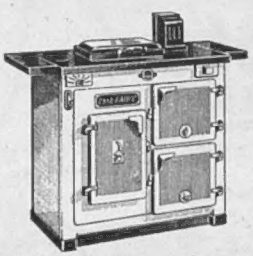
VANTONA *household* TEXTILES

In the meantime VANTONA continue to co-operate with the Government by producing a limited quantity of Utility Counterpanes, Cotton Blankets, Towels, Sheets, Down Quilts, etc. Look for the Utility tab with the VANTONA brand mark.

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD. PORTLAND STREET. MANCHESTER

ESSE

HEAT STORAGE COOKERS



Supplies although restricted are still available for essential domestic requirements.

THE ESSE COOKER CO.
Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd.
Head Office & Works
BONNYBRIDGE · SCOTLAND

LONDON SHOWROOMS
63 CONDUIT STREET, W.1 & 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4
LIVERPOOL 20 Canning Place
EDINBURGH 17 Greenside Place
GLASGOW 11 Dixon Street, C.1

"Whatever should I have done without my Motoluxe Coat?"

Motoluxe Coats are still in short supply we regret

Stocked by high-class shops throughout Great Britain. If any difficulty, write to the manufacturers

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., QUEEN ST. WORKS, LONDON, N.W.1

As in the cultured homes of bygone generations Minton China grew to such high favour, so upon the tables of that Brave New World beyond this present travail, the loveliness of Minton is assured of appreciation wherever life is lived with taste and dignity and beauty.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD · STOKE-UPON-TRENT · EST. 1793

Half-health's no good in the Navy! There's a job to be done and it needs fitness to do it.
– every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

For a brighter outlook

SPOSS Window Sheen cleans on a new principle. It absorbs every kind of smear and mark from glass, including the obstinate dirt left by smoke, fog, rain and atmospheric deposits. Sprinkle a few drops of SPOSS Window Sheen on a non-fluffy cloth; apply gently; wipe off immediately with a dry cloth. Windows, mirrors, glass shelves, silver and other metal are sparkling clean. No rubbing. Nothing to harm any surface.

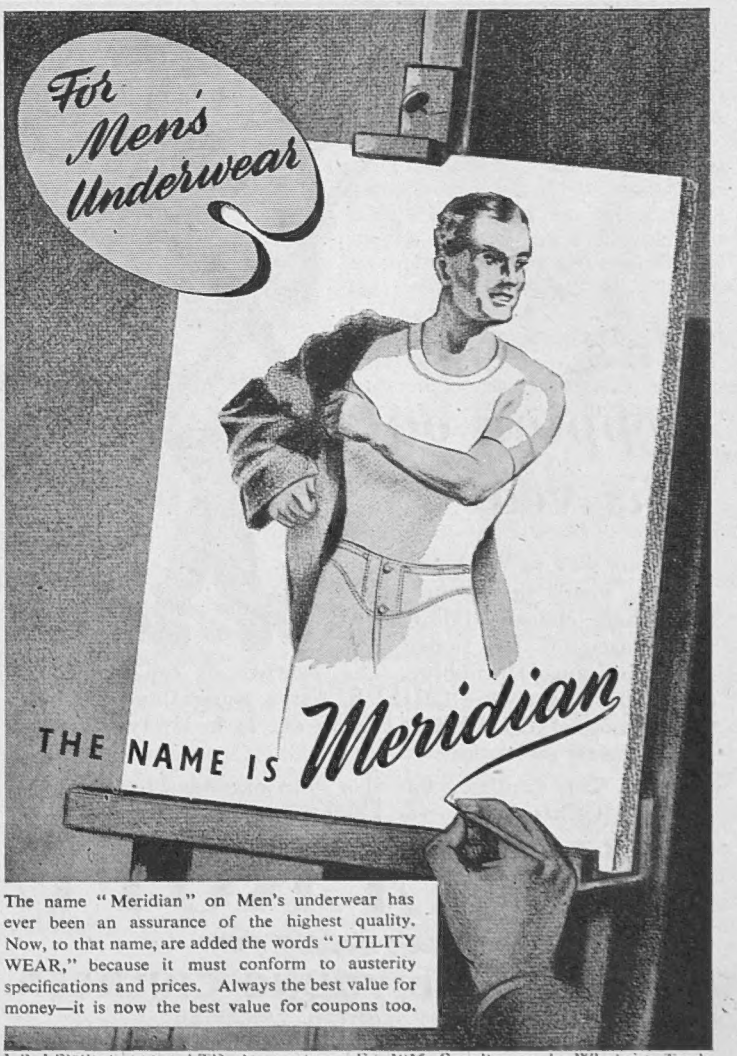
Sold by leading stores, grocers and hardware stores, but if any difficulty, write to Dept. BE.12, Simmonds Products Ltd., Great West Road, London.

If you have any problems of household cleaning or polishing, write to Mrs. Mary Jordan, at our address above.

SPOSS
WINDOW SHEEN
1/- and 2/-

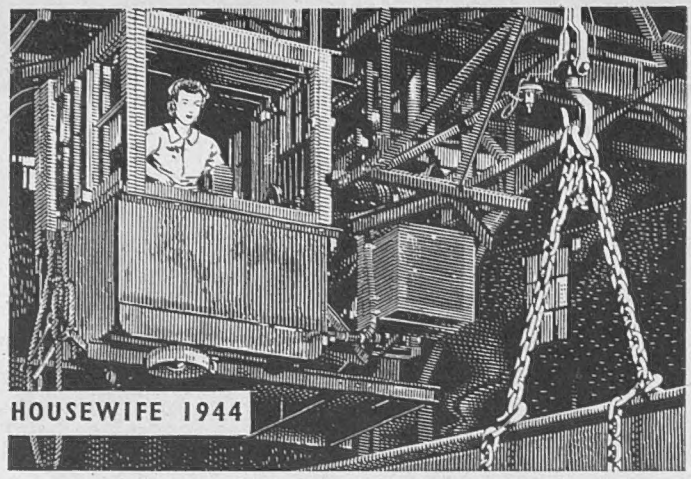
We regret that supplies of SPOSS Floor Dressing and SPOSS Cleaner are now very limited.

Simmonds Products Ltd., *A Company of the Simmonds Group*, Great West Road, London



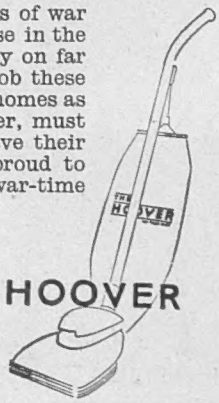
The name "Meridian" on Men's underwear has ever been an assurance of the highest quality. Now, to that name, are added the words "UTILITY WEAR," because it must conform to austerity specifications and prices. Always the best value for money—it is now the best value for coupons too.

J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. *Est. 1815.* Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade



The Hand that held the Hoover drives a Crane!

Not many of our housewives are doing jobs of war work like this! The great majority of those in the factories and workshops are plugging away on far less spectacular tasks. But whatever the job these "Housewives 1944" stick it, and run their homes as well! Many of them, now more than ever, must bless the day they bought a Hoover to save their sorely needed time and energy! We're proud to have helped them do a "double job" in war-time and in admiration say—



Salute! FROM HOOVER

Hoover users know best what improvements they would like in the post-war Hoover. Suggestions are welcome.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI AND H.M. QUEEN MARY
HOOVER LIMITED, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX

Out of sight...

BUT NOT OUT OF MIND

IDRIS DISAPPEARS... TEMPORARILY

IDRIS has done the disappearing act. It has gone (but only for a while) from your tables and is replaced by the standard National Brand of soft drinks. IDRIS will be absent, fortunately, for only as long as the war lasts. With the peace IDRIS will resume its role as Dispeller of Thirst No. 1 with its cooling delicious flavour and superb quality. Out of sight, yes—but we believe, not out of mind.

DON'T FORGET

IDRIS

Table Waters

BY APPOINTMENT

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

He's stepping out this year

A long way to go, but it's the early years that count. Wise mothers choose CHILPRUFE because of its famed Protection and Durability. The parents of today are the Children who wore CHILPRUFE a generation past. The tradition of CHILPRUFE goes on. It is always the best underwear procurable.

This tradition has also been extended to the Utility Underwear which we are now making.

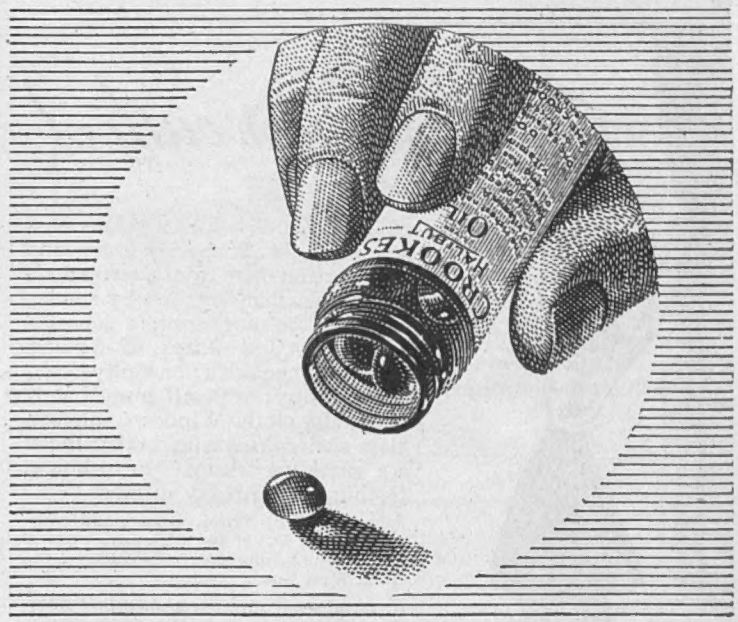
CHILPRUFE

Regd

made solely for

INFANTS AND YOUNG CHILDREN

CHILPRUFE LIMITED, LEICESTER
Governing Director, JOHN A. BOLTON



EXTRA VITAMINS ESSENTIAL TO HEALTH

COLDS and influenza cannot be resisted when your diet is deficient in vitamin A: the daily dose of Crookes' ensures you the necessary amount. Adults cannot keep healthy and children cannot grow up with straight bones and strong teeth without sufficient vitamin D: the daily dose of Crookes' keeps your supply well above the safety level.

This extra supply of vitamins A and D will work wonders in building up your resistance and stamina through this fifth wartime winter.

CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules—per bottle of 100—8/6 • Liquid—per phial—enough for 16 days 2/-

"I would like nothing better," Claire admitted. "But, no. Please don't ask me"

The Message

It Recorded a Tragedy but Defeated a Plot

By Tracy Belden

CLAIRE DUMONT glanced at her wrist-watch with growing uneasiness. She hadn't relaxed since she left London, and the strain was beginning to tell. She should have stayed on in the Reddings' apartment until train time, she thought, restlessly. But they had insisted on bringing her to this war-relief bazaar, and then had left her to visit a sick friend in the hotel. Now she must wait for their return. She dared not trust herself in the streets alone. It was horrible not to know of whom she was afraid.

She gripped her wide red suède bag tighter against her short black jacket and loosened the red silk scarf at her long throat. Her red lips were compressed as she thought of the man's suave voice on the telephone that morning. All he had said was: "Mademoiselle Dumont? Your father has many friends in New York and Washington. You 'll be hearing from them soon." That was enough to strike a chill through her veins.

Only one man in Washington—her father's old friend—knew why she was here; had pulled the strings to get her here. Treachery from him was unthinkable. The leak had to be back along the underground route. Probably in Paris.

She shivered, looking around the crowded room. She had forgotten what it was like to be in a safe country. A country, she thought with a heartache, that her father had taught her to love. No one seemed to pay any attention to her, and yet she felt watched. She held herself straighter; a tall, pale girl whose grey eyes were shadowy under a tipped little black-winged hat.

She gave an involuntary start as a red-headed young man approached her.

"My name 's Ray Shaw," he said. "You 've seen me before—Miss Dumont."

"I don't think I——" she began; stopped. Those electric blue eyes were disturbingly familiar. Then she remembered. He had stood close to the plane in the cold, drizzling dawn, and as she passed him, she had been conscious of a leaping spark between them. It was the kind of fire she couldn't afford to play with.

"Yesterday you were at the field when I landed." Her pretty English curled the French "r's."

"Right," he grinned. "The sky doesn't often unload your brand of high explosive."

"Did I wreck anything?" She relaxed a trifle.

"Only my peace of mind. I 've thought of you ever since."

"You do not waste time, Monsieur Shaw," she murmured.

"An economical American habit," he said. "Cigarette?"

"Thank you." She bent her pale gold head to the match. "How did you know my name?"

He thrust his cigarette-case back in his tweed coat. "Does it matter?"

"But, of course not." She shifted the red bag under her arm. "I was only afraid you were a reporter. I don't like answering questions."

"I never ask them." He laughed with a pleasant wrinkling of his lean face. "No, I 'm just a bit curious, though, when I see a girl like you coming out of that hell over there." He looked down at his cigarette and back to her. "You know I could go for you hard," he said, bluntly. "It 's a crazy world, and crazier things than this have happened. Know what I mean?"

"Yes." She caught her breath. The attraction was there. She felt it almost as if he had touched her. Well, in the past grim months there had been lesser temptations to forget a while; to snatch a little happiness. But always the burning passion of hate was stronger. Agony for her loved ones drove her on without rest.

"How about going places to-night?" he suggested. "Couldn't we——" His long fingers made the motion of a dance.

She crushed her cigarette in an ash-tray nearby. Shook her head. "I am sorry. Perhaps some day——" She held out her hand.

He took it and drew her nearer him. "To hell with some day; make it now."

"I would like nothing better," she admitted. "But, no. Please don't ask me." With a pang, she saw his expression change. How could she expect him to understand that she didn't belong to herself! Such great things were at stake.

"If that 's the way you want it." He let her hand go. Then glancing over his shoulder, he frowned.

" Where is the proof my father speaks of ? " Claire forced herself at last to look at the large glossy man

" One of the hostesses is making for us," he said. " Know the blond chap with her ? "

She looked past him and shook her head again. The uneasiness gathering in her nerves all day increased to distinct foreboding. Yet there was nothing about the advancing couple to warrant panic. She had met hundreds of well-dressed, well-mannered people like them.

" How do you do. I 'm Mrs. Gerald Winston, chairman of the reception committee," the lady said, including Ray Shaw in her smile. " We didn't hope for such a large attendance. It 's wonderful what these victory drives do. As I was saying to Mr. van Maer——" She paused, looking up at the big blond man beside her. " May I present Mr. van Maer, Miss—— "

" Dumont," Claire murmured. For no definite reason she waited tensely for the man's voice.

" Miss—Mademoiselle Dumont ! " he exclaimed with a bow that was foreign. " Then I wasn't mistaken. I asked Mrs. Winston to introduce me because I had the pleasure of knowing your father on your last visit here with him before the war. A great scientist, Mademoiselle. Have you heard from him . . . lately ? "

It was the same voice that had spoken to her over the Reddings' private wire. He had influence if he could find out their unlisted number and gain an introduction to her so easily.

" I haven't heard from my mother or father since the occupation of Paris," she lied, instinctively.

" Oh, my dear, how terrible ! " Mrs Winston turned to Ray Shaw. " We can't realise what it 's like to have those brutes actually camped on our doorstep," she said.

" We 've had quite a few," he reminded her. " In fact, we 're still mopping them up." His eyes narrowed slightly on van Maer, who gave a good-humoured shrug.

" We Dutchmen are lucky to have so many of the best old families holding on to the v-a-n," he remarked. " One little letter makes all the difference, doesn't it ? " He added to Claire, " My mother was French ! "

" You should know then, Monsieur, how we feel," she said, gravely. Her thoughts flashed back to her own mother, who was a de Royan, descended from fighting cavaliers. She could be proud of her blood. Warriors on one side ; on the other, scholars and inventors.

That pride and its intuitions served her now, warning her of danger. She must get away at once, even if it meant never seeing Ray Shaw again. She tried vainly to catch his eye. He hadn't looked at her since van Maer joined them. Perhaps it was just as well.

Her chance to slip off came under cover of Mrs. Winston's gay chatter. Rude of her to leave without a word, but the feeling was urgent, sharpened by years of war. She had almost reached the main door when she heard the voice at her elbow.

" Why the hurry, Mademoiselle ? Permit me to offer you a cocktail at the bar downstairs." It was van Maer. He fell in step, veering her around a Red Cross booth. Regardless of her annoyance, he continued in French : " I 've something important to tell you."

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

A stream of new arrivals blocked the door. She drew aside, turning on him with no attempt to conceal her distrust. "It was you who telephoned me this morning. Why didn't you tell me then?"

"So you recognised my voice?" He seemed amused. "I preferred to see you first."

"And now that you see me, what is it you wish to say?"

Something like triumph flickered up in his unwinking stare. "I have news of your father."

"My father!" she gasped. "Impossible." Her fingers dug into the red suède of her bag. It contained all that mattered. All that he had risked his life for.

"Why should I lie to you?" van Maer asked, calmly. "I should think you'd be delighted."

Suppose he were a friend! Be careful, her reason told her. "You're a stranger to me. I'm afraid I don't believe you," she said, and moved up to the door, adding, as he moved with her: "You couldn't know I was coming here this afternoon." But even as she spoke she did believe him. He wasn't trying to frighten her. He was stating a fact.

"I know everything about you," he asserted, with a touch of impatience. "We should have met on the train for Washington to-night, in any case. You see, I know your plans."

Then he was indeed dangerous. "They can be changed," she coldly assured him. "I will give you ten minutes to explain, Monsieur."

"If in ten minutes," he said, "I don't prove to you certain things, I shan't trouble you further." He took her arm. "Come," he said. "They make excellent cocktails in the Mexican bar, and it's quiet there."

CLAIRE felt trapped behind the small flowered table. The exotic murals, the huddled shoulders around the bar, and the faces at other tables, seemed part of an evil dream from which she must wake screaming.

In a daze she stared down at the letter van Maer had given her as soon as the cocktails were served.

It was from her father. A letter for her. A letter so unexpected, so utterly unlike him that she was stunned and sick.

He had written:

"My dear daughter: I am convinced there is no chance of saving the France we once knew. I cannot have the results of my last experiments turned against our people, as might be if you succeed in America. Whoever gives you this will tell you what to do. I am sending you, with this letter, a proof of my wishes. Your mother is with me. Courage, dear child. Your father, Pierre Dumont."

Van Maer, sitting opposite her, smoked a cigar and watched her impassively. "It's not bad news?" he said.

She didn't answer. Her mind reeled under the shock of words that contradicted

Claire had almost reached the main door when she heard the voice at her elbow

everything her father stood for. He loved her and her mother, but she had always believed he would sacrifice them for greater things. He hated war and killing, yet he had thrown his life work into service when it seemed right. She couldn't believe he had lost faith or hope.

The letter trembled in her slim fingers. She steadied her wrist beneath the red-shaded table-lamp. What could she think? What did he wish now? She had tried so hard not to worry, not to think of her mother and father alone in the old house and garden on the rue Raynouard. To do and be what they would want. It seemed only fair to deny herself any happiness, God knows she had felt the urge for it in Ray Shaw's blue eyes this afternoon. And now——

"There 's no reason to be upset." Van Maer lowered his cigar to slice its silky ashes.

"I am not upset." She couldn't bear to look at the smooth, pink face. There must be something she had missed in the letter. Some message——. She studied the fine, precise script again, but could detect no weakness. The irony of it was that he had used her mother's notepaper with the de Royan coat-of-arms: a heart upheld by two hands. The motto was *Foi en Moi*. The honour of the family rested in those three words—Faith in Me—and in the staunch heart that had beat through generations of soldiers. The record of the Dumonts was as brave. Incredible that her father should admit defeat!

"Where is the proof my father speaks of?" She forced herself at last to look at the large, glossy man.

He leaned forward, his short fingers twirling the stem of his cocktail glass. "In a safe place. I 'll take you there when we 've had our drink," he said cheerfully. "The letter speaks for itself."

"But the proof, Monsieur . . . the proof," she insisted. "I am not going anywhere with you until I have it."

"So? You don't trust me?"

"I 'm sure my father didn't write that letter of his own free will," she retorted. "And I don't think you 're his friend."

"He could have made new ones since you last saw him," van Maer suggested softly. (*Continued on page* 54)

Herr von Maer stumbled up from the table cursing, and "This," said Ray Shaw, hitting him on the jaw with his left, "is a pleasure"

Return to Security

By Negley Farson

DURING the worst years of the world slump, 1931 to 1934, when, if you put any five of our leading economists together, you would get six definite opinions of how to handle all our problems—such experts' opinions being as divergent as the four quarters of the compass—there was a persistent group of irreconcilables which always went on about the "cycles of depression." They treated history itself as if it were not the for ever flowing river that it is, but as if it were a merry-go-round. Yet, although it might have given them material to substantiate their theory, there was a conscious process going on in the minds of nearly every one of us which was nothing other than a deliberate overhaul of the past. Cast loose from our moorings by this world financial blizzard, we, many of us, tried to beat up against the gale to recover the security of old anchoring grounds. And this psychological search for some solid things to cling to was not confined merely to individuals; it became part of mass thought—somewhat similar to the odd way that the urge for the crusades appeared at one and the same time in the most widely separated and divergent parts of Europe—and even governments themselves engaged in such search. While this peculiar inspection of the past is instantly recognised and admitted by almost any man or woman that you might discuss it with—its significance as a national return to the past has not yet been made plain.

ODDLY enough, the only country that has made this apparently backward step *consciously*—as part of its national policy—is Soviet Russia. Keen observers of Russia have declared that it is the most remarkable change that has taken place in Russian Communism since the 1917 Revolution. And elements hostile to the Soviets, who have noticed these changes, have tried to make out that this marks the Red Russians' departure from the Socialist road to that of Capitalism. In that they are going to be dismally disappointed.

The reintroduction of guards divisions into the Red Army, the return to epaulets, the revived hero worship of Prince Igor, Ivan the Terrible, Dmity, and the conquerors of Napoleon—Generals Suvorov and Kutozov, both princes—does not in any way imply any Soviet deviation from the dictatorship of the proletariat, or the incontestable fact that the factory worker still ranks as *the* upper class man or woman in Soviet society. On the contrary, all these apparent retreats from plebeian simplicity were merely reinforcements of a society which considers itself class-less and firmly entrenched enough to return to its past heroes. And, in returning to the majestic and colourful pageant of Russia's past, these Red Russians have deliberately opened a reservoir from which they can draw strength. Psychologically, as they see it, any present moment must contain everything that has passed—this present, moving moment, also must contain *part* of the future. Therefore, enriched by the past deeds of Russians both in war and literature—the Red soldier of to-day has both the inspiration, and the cultural background, to confirm him in his own right—as an integral part of this great stream of Russia.

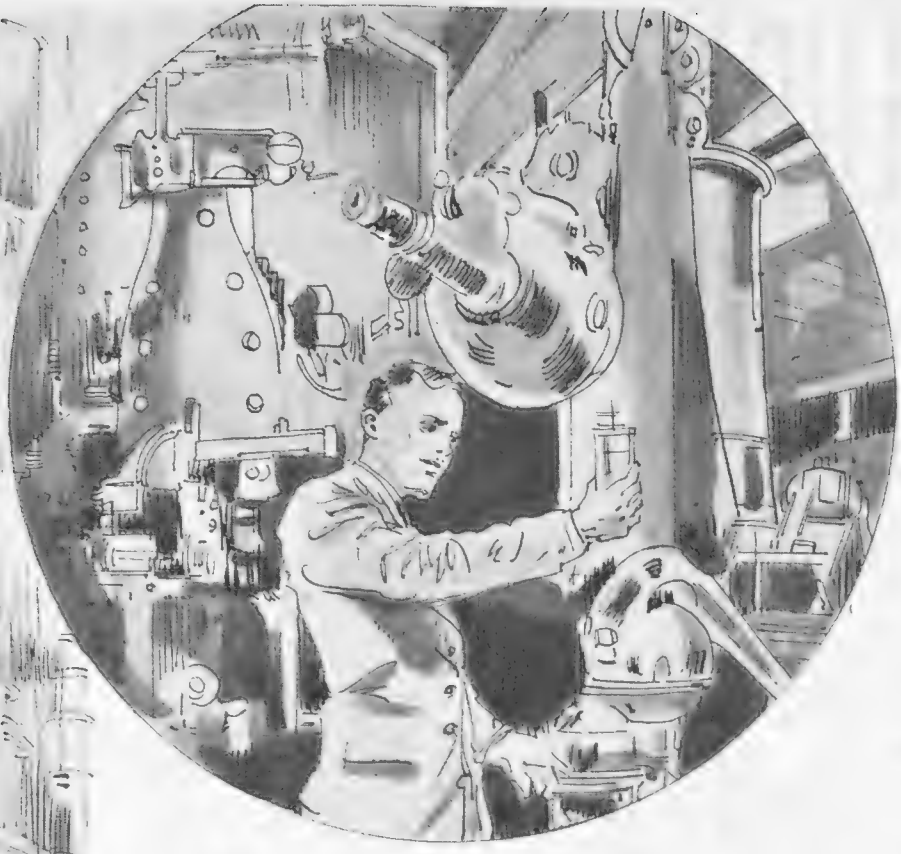
An Englishman, without consciously making it a part of his political ideology—as the Russians are doing—does precisely the same thing. After Dunkirk, for example, there was a noticeable wave of thought which appeared in speeches and print, calling upon Englishmen to remember that they had faced invasion before—and how!—and that then they were not defeated. People talked of the Nelson touch, the bold adventurous exploits of the Elizabethans. It is ridiculous to say: "Happy is the country which has had no history!" That country has never lived.

Again, it is highly irritating to successful Americans of the second or third generation, whose forebears came from, say, central or eastern Europe, to find that on many points in American life they are quite unable to understand what other Americans—say those whose stock runs back to the early English colonisation—are thinking of. They have not got this Anglo-Saxon background behind all their thoughts. You will often see this evinced by some of these recent ex-Europeans when they write book reviews, for instance. Their credo is utterly unable to grasp what it is in, say, such a book as Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*, that makes many other Americans assert that it is the greatest American book ever written. For that very reason there are several notable instances, such as with Mark Twain, Henry James, and even Bret Harte—unalloyed Americans of the very soil itself—who actually received their first recognition in England years before they ever received the same appreciation in the United States. Indeed, if they ever did. Edgar Allan Poe is perhaps a good example of the latter.

To Americans who have no "American" heritage dating from before 1861 there is an entire epoch in American literature which falls on deaf ears, except for their appreciation (when they have it) of the literary competence, or otherwise, of such works. They are tone deaf to the pictures of early America that these books conjure up, even when they are not literary masterpieces, and thus, to the bewilderment of these (*Continued on page* 60)

Out Of

Will future generations look than we may Shakespeare's "Henry IV": safety"? The writer of this first Total War in history



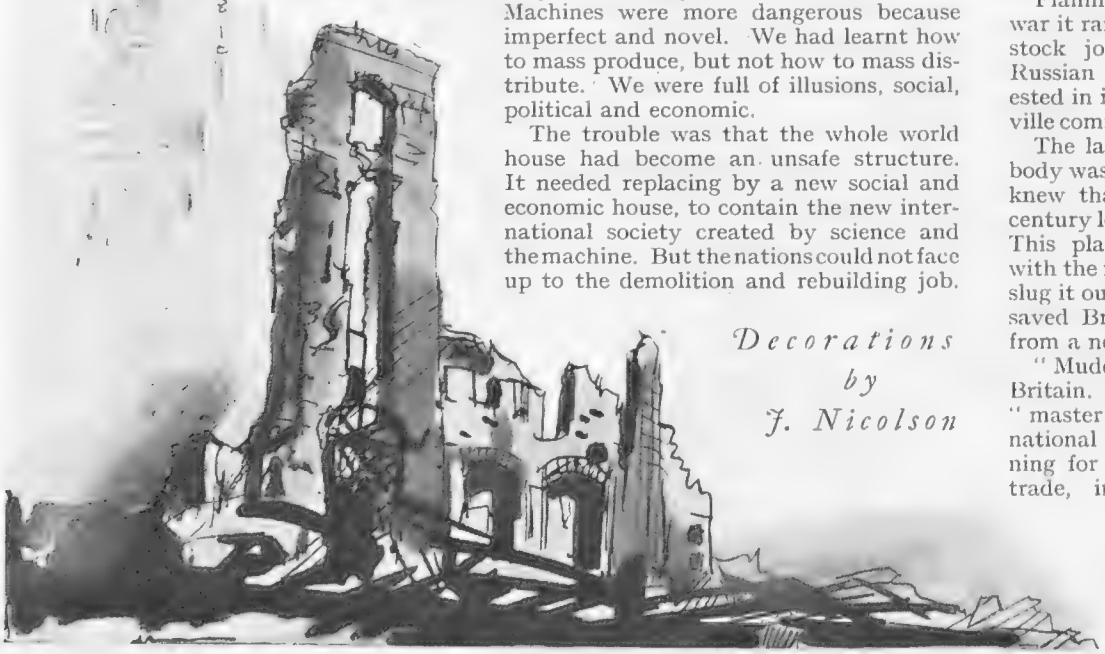
THE engineer tapped the white metal block on his desk. "The secret lies in that cylinder-head. It's forged instead of cast aluminium. Stands higher compression and gives fifteen per cent more power. The aeroplane men wanted it, and the metallurgists gave it to 'em. A fighter plane with an engine made of that stuff can go faster and higher —that's what you want in war. After the war it's going to mean longer range, greater weight-carrying capacity, and safety."

It was a model of the seventy horse-power aero engine for a thirty-foot span, 120 m.p.h. family aerocar he is working on for post-war use. Safety! That was the keynote of his technical problem. He knew a family plane had to be safe or it would not sell. People will take plenty of chances on the road—they die by thousands on the roads—but not in the air.

In one way it was odd to think that out of a thing evolved by the alchemy of the metallurgists to step up the killing power of fighter planes, something would come to make the sky safe for Mr. and Mrs. John Citizen and the kids in the peaceful years to come. And yet not so odd when one began to look over the whole picture. Then one saw that mankind's first total war looked like producing—for the first time in war's age-long history—a total good.

It did not happen in and after the first World War. We sailed into an infinitely more dangerous world after 1918. Machines were more dangerous because imperfect and novel. We had learnt how to mass produce, but not how to mass distribute. We were full of illusions, social, political and economic.

The trouble was that the whole world house had become an unsafe structure. It needed replacing by a new social and economic house, to contain the new international society created by science and the machine. But the nations could not face up to the demolition and rebuilding job.



Decorations by J. Nicolson

Now we have learnt wisdom, and are doing a building job as we go along. Better machines and materials are only a small part of the story. There are immense advances in techniques of all kinds, industrial, medical, surgical, scientific, organisational, political. War conditions have forced overhauls and action all along the line from sex tuition in schools to unity of plan and purpose between great nations, from better nourishment on smaller food bulk to policies of full employment to meet the social and political dangers inherent in mass unemployment and stagnant industrial plants, and from an organised revival of rural life and agriculture in England to planned measures to eliminate disease and malnutrition, and improve conditions of life in the long neglected African colonies.

Things like these should have been the products of peace time intelligence and energy. However, they were not. Consider the Moscow meeting. Three men meet. They represent 850 million people living on twenty-five million square miles of the land surface of the globe. This trio lays the groundwork for a new social and economic world order based on international co-operation and unity. From this conference will stem a new international society which promises the organisation of a secure world, and the maintenance, by combined power, of the world peace. But it took a global war to do it.

LET'S glance over some more of the things which have come or are coming out of this war, and which mesh into the pattern of a world safer in many ways.

Planning is high in the list. Before the war it ranked with the mother-in-law as a stock joke. "Oh, tell me about the Russian five-year-plan; I've been interested in it for fifteen years." Any vaudeville comic could be sure of a laugh on that.

The laugh was due to ignorance. Nobody was interested. Only a few students knew that there was a plan a quarter-century long, divided into five-year stages. This plan saved Russia, providing her with the means and power to stand up and slug it out with the Nazi iron monster. It saved Britain and the rest of the world from a new master-slave world order.

"Muddle through" is now out in Britain. We are promised a four-year "master plan" integrating all major national activities. Now we have planning for housing, land, food, the export trade, industry, education, and even foreign policy, which for twenty years, up to 1939, had no plan and was backed by neither land nor air power. The war has been the greatest educational

This Nettle...

back to our Global War and echo the words of "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, article thinks it probable that the processes of the are making Life To-Morrow safer in more ways realise to-day

By C. Patrick Thompson

stimulus ever known. Every one in war service is improving his knowledge and exercising his brains through reading, or radio, or organised discussion, through lectures and courses of all kinds. The arts are being brought to millions through Government funds financing ballets for factory hands, concerts for clerks, serious drama for coal miners, and exhibitions of paintings in British Restaurants, tube stations, and lunch-time concerts at the National Gallery.

EDUCATION is being overhauled. Aims and techniques are being probed. People are learning that co-operation is a technique and not a matter of goodwill. Nations, America and Britain especially, are moving towards teaching their young people that their history and civilisation must not be studied in isolation but in relation to the world. Both in Russia and America there is an idea that youngsters are intellectually ready now for university at seventeen, or earlier—which would give men and women a longer useful life. The war-forced trend now is for the integration of knowledge, instead of the old splitting of knowledge into separate compartments.

Selection of personnel procedures adopted by the Army are brought into education to find the best kind of young men and women for above average training. We shall have national scholarship tests for university careers, and intellectual ability and talent for examination-passing will not alone open the university door. Character and leadership abilities will also count. Although all this and more common-sense proposals come from a committee headed by the sixty-eight-year-old Sir Cyril Norwood, President of St. John's College, Oxford, the procedure is in line with that brought into use in the war's third year to test and provide efficient officers for the Army.

These procedures may be extended into other fields, and protect us by their searching tests of intelligence and character by methods evolved by psychologists and psychiatrists, from the duds who find their way into the professions. They should eliminate, at the start, the bad doctor, the shady lawyer, the silly diplomat, and the stupid magistrate, just as in war they protect troops from the public school boy with influential social backing but a low learning capacity, from the intellectual with a wobbly nervous system, from the sergeant with an impressive façade but a complete inability to think for himself.

THE most significant advances in chemistry remain military secrets. But some can be disclosed. In the field of medicine we have calcium ascorbate to speed healing of fractures and other bone injuries, and proflavine as an improvement on the sulfa drugs in treating deep, burrowing wounds. In industry the chemists and chemical engineers have found a long range of synthetic substitutes for scarce metals, glass, wood, animal skins and vegetable fibres. The family of substances called plastics has rocketed ahead, and promises to form the basis of a great new post-war industry. Some of these substances are not merely substitutes, but are actually better than the natural material formerly used.

The half-century-old science of electronics has leapt ahead. These magic tubes, which applied to industry greatly increase productivity, are becoming in themselves a big industry, absorbing tens of thousands of skilled workers and technicians. Ten per cent of all electricity generated now passes through electronic devices. At one end are delicate little devices which simulate the human senses, but at a level far beyond the latter's powers. At the other end, giant electronic tubes displace heavy iron machinery for transformer purposes in long-distance, high-tension power transmission lines.

Precision in machine making has shot across pre-war frontier lines. A criterion of precision was a quality which, with its 350 parts, a balance-wheel oscillating five times a second, and a wheel pivot held to a tolerance of half of one per cent of its diameter.

The new criterion is a war aero engine with 4,500 parts, the fastest moving part revolving 520 times a second, and the impeller shaft held to a tolerance of one-tenth of one per cent of its diameter. And these aero engines are made by quantity-production methods. Metallurgical microscopes, quarter-million-volt X-rays, spectroscopes "black" light, electronic eyes which move with the job and check and correct deviations, (*Continued on page* 66)

An aerial view of Natal, Brazil, which looks like becoming the most frequented air base of South America

Fame Awaits These Places

By Ferdinand Tuohy

CROYDON is quite a place, but would be unknown to the world at large if an open segment of it had not been brought to life as London's first great air terminal. In the sequel, "a Croydon" becomes common international currency for a major airport.

To-day, on the eve of the Air Age, a score or more of future "Croydons" stand indicated on the map of both hemispheres and it is fascinating to reflect that in many instances the sites of these aerial traffic centres of the immediate post-war years have never been heard of before by ninety-nine per cent of mankind. It is a bit as if a number of new cities were waiting in the wings to be announced, for these world airports are destined to become as familiar to us by name as are universally known towns.

Chicago, quickest of all places to get on the map, needed twenty years at the job. Some of these designated airports of to-morrow will hardly take a tenth of that time. For example, who has heard of Idlewild? I hadn't until the other day. Yet Idlewild only awaits the settling of accounts with Berlin and Tokio for it to become as familiar a travel name as Croydon.

Yes, Idlewild is in the United States where they have a penchant for such place-names—"Sleepy Hollow" is a typical forerunner. Until lately there lay what was more or less a wasteland on the southern outskirts of New York. Flat and unprepossessing, who should want to build or live there? There was no attraction, residential, agricultural, industrial, or other. The region was in truth both idle and wild. And so it would have gone on but for New York's sudden hunt for a super-Croydon.

Here was the very spot—this neglected flat. The very terrain for a great airport. Only fifteen miles from the Statue of Liberty and with a frontage along America Bay into the bargain. Seaplanes as well as landplanes. It was just waiting to be taken in hand and wartime vastly expedited the process, for speedily christened Idlewild could play a big part in the Atlantic Ferry Service if built in time.

But what interests me more than construction statistics—runways two miles long, thirteen and a half miles of runways in all, six miles of hangars and an additional mile of them for seaplanes—is the intention to raise the first airtown in history, given over exclusively to air travel, all aspects of this. Idlewild is expected to figure eventually on the map as a town of 30,000 inhabitants. But only a proportion of its wage-earners will be employed at the airport, since Idlewild plans to be quite a spot. Passengers stepping from a 150-ton air liner will, if they choose, go straight on to New York by special underground (ten miles to the centre of the city), or for outlying districts, it may be handier to take a taxicopter. Yet there will be nothing like the same urge to rush away from Idlewild that propels one from a railway terminus. For Idlewild is to have the artificial attributes of a peppy little resort.

Dakar: the West-African port. This stop will be the main air-travel link between London and South America

Slap-up hotels, bars and restaurants, dancing, films, and even gambling, together with those imperious twins of long-distance air travel: the beauty parlour and turkish bath. And swimming pools, sun-trap, tennis, golf, a theatre, special library, and board walk. While offices will be set aside for business transactions, it being confidently anticipated that the big airport will become a favourite place of rendezvous. They will not just want to shove you

(*Continued on page* 68)

(Below) Port of Spain, Trinidad. The airport near this town is a Number One halting place on the main air route between North and South America

(Above) Customs Gate, Ponta Delgada. The Azores will be about eight hours from Falmouth. (Left) A trio of American clippers at Horta, the Azores, which already serves as a station for flights between Europe and the United States

"YOU saved my life, Captain," Delbos said slowly. "I owe you a great debt"

A Clean Sweep

A Greater Fear than any Pilot had ever known racked Delbos every Time he Flew Over France

By Stanley Jackson

IN November, 1937, the people of X-sur-Mer were shocked by a crime that held the front page for nearly a week before it was crowded out by international fears, hopes and Hitler's assurances of goodwill towards all men. Stripped of exaggeration and the usual hints that the police had "valuable clues," the facts were very plain. Two armed bandits had broken into the Banque Municipale and cracked a safe which had been previously considered burglar-proof. The caretaker had shot dead one of the bandits but was badly plugged himself and was not expected to live. There was a picture of himself and his wife, a grim warning that the Sûreté had sent along their keenest sleuths, and the melancholy admission that the bandit had made off with nearly two million francs in notes and negotiable securities. The dossier at the Sûreté became dusty, and within a year or two the unhappy residents at X-sur-Mer had far more anxieties than the memory of a bank robbery.

CHARLES DELBOS squirmed out of his seat and unhitched the bind of his parachute straps. His fingers felt stiff, and he rubbed the short stubble on his chin with an irritable frown. He was still angry after he had talked to the Intelligence Officer and gulped down a stiff brandy. Damned silly how the loss of a little pink pig could upset a tough fighter pilot; but, there it was, you were superstitious or you weren't. That good luck charm had gone round the world with him, and now it was gone. He had spent the whole of the previous evening searching for it, and nothing could shake off the gloomy certainty that he was doomed.

That morning had been little different from dozens of others, just another fighter sweep over the Channel and a dry line or two for the six o'clock news. The morning sun was hot already, and the prop bit a mouthful of bright air as the Spitfire roared into her getaway zoom. There had been a time when one got a thrill out of flying. He had been one of the first of the French airmen to join the R.A.F. in bouncing Huns out of the English sky. His papers said that he had come from Martinique when France fell.

"Why did you not return to France before, monsieur?" he was asked by a grizzled colonel at De Gaulle's headquarters. "We needed pilots badly."

Delbos stroked his thin black moustache. "I could not leave sooner, M. le Colonel," he said stiffly. "I had business interests in Martinique that left me no choice. Now I wish to fly for France." There was something in his manner that impressed the older man, a kind of taut assurance that spoke of wealth, authority and toughness. The recruit stood over six foot two, had broad shoulders, a lean sunburned face and the coldest blue eyes the colonel had ever seen. Stubborn, irritable, but a born leader, he told himself while brusquely promising to give his decision in a few days.

"*A vos ordres, colonel,*" said the young man with a stiff bow.

The colonel wasted no time. From his log-book Delbos had stacked up plenty of flying time in the last three years, mainly in South America. He had handled a good many American types, which might be useful. The colonel rang for his secretary and dictated a crisp cable. And back from the island had come a few brief, but intriguing details. It appeared that Delbos was a bachelor, and had arrived from Rio in June, 1938. Described as a rancher, he seemed to have ample means. Aviation was his hobby, and he had flown his own plane until the outbreak of war. Fond of sport, he was popular with the smart set, gave excellent parties, and there was no scandal about him. He had kept to himself a good deal, particularly since the war. He had subscribed handsomely to all war charities. In June, 1940, he had left the island for New York, promising to return to France as soon as possible.

The colonel tugged thoughtfully at his moustache. Yes, without doubt, the fellow was keen enough to get into the war, and one did not lightly ignore possible

fighter pilots. He signed the papers accepting the volunteer for flying training.

Delbos was now a commandant with a D.F.C. and bar on his breast, and in a Fighting French squadron that was almost as famous as the "Jim Crow" crowd. Now he had a dose of "cafard" which his R.A.F. friends would have translated as "brassed off," but they wouldn't have known the whole of the story. Things had been just right when he could hop into the cockpit and zoom into a bunch of Jerries. He had had over twenty German machines in his sights since joining the squadron.

For weeks it had been nothing but rhubarb raids, day after day, over the French coast, swinging along in formation at zero feet. The Yanks called them "rhubarb" shows because your props often snipped off the leaves as the squadron shot over France on the look out for trains or gun nests. Maybe it was fun toppling trains like rows of dominoes or watching Jerry gunners tearing wildly in all directions while you squirted lead into them, but Commandant Delbos hated it, or rather hated the thought of what was tied up in these sorties.

"It is nothing, *mon vieux*," said Amiot soothingly. "We know you hate routine, but soon we shall be shooting down the Boche, and—who knows?—in Germany itself."

DELBOS often ached to talk, but how could he explain that a greater fear than any pilot had known racked him every time he flew over the familiar coast of Normandy? To pick out F.W.s on interceptor patrol was simple enough; but when you crossed the indigo-blue Straits and knew that one false move meant sudden death, that was another thing. Yet he pressed the button and gritted his teeth when the flak ships sent up hundreds of cannon shells that exploded like a child's pink fluffy dolls all round his Spitfire. She was a nice baby, and he held her to his course, but every one in the squadron knew that he wasted no time over a target and was usually the first home. It had been different enough in Battle of Britain days when you might blackout suddenly, pull out of a spin and still go hell-for-leather after half a dozen Jerry bombers. The days of snap rolls were over for the squadron, and they knew it; but what they didn't know was the stark dread that hit him every time he took off on a rhubarb raid.

He could not tell them that a hundred times he had dreamed of being shot down in flames over France. Always it was the same dream, a ghastly nightmare, with scores of ships fighting their way into a harbour far below, and his Spitfire in the sights of a F.W. He could feel the shells ripping the sky with a dull wham, the flail of bullets in his fuselage, the slugs tearing the heart out of his petrol tank. And the aching terror of dropping like lead into the soil of France.

His imagination made up the rest of the tale. Not for him the prisoner of war camp; that would be bad enough, but Vichy spies would ferret into his forged papers. Sooner or later, someone would trap his real identity from the rough lies and evasions with which he had built a new identity. He would look from the front pages of Vichy's tame press not as Delbos, the captured flyer, but Jean Salant, bank robber and killer. It would be a superb opportunity to blackguard the Fighting French, and Laval's journalists would take it with both hands. And then the guillotine or penal servitude for life.

"Champagne for everybody, Gaston," he would call to the mess steward.

"Service, commandant." And the corks would pop and every one would drink his health. For a few hours they would joke and talk about the Paris of yesterday, but every party has an ending, and only complete oblivion could beat off the dream that tortured him.

THAT last morning sweep over the Channel ports had been a nightmare. He had known that disaster beckoned from the moment he lost his mascot. Yet it looked just an ordinary "rhubarb." The sea was glassy and the flak had no sting. A freight train nosed lazily northward and the squadron swooped down with a roar out of a bright morning sky from which a smug sun was looking on. Delbos went down to attack, got a brief burst into the first coaches and pulled out of his dive. The others were squirting hot lead right along the train. He was whanging over for another dive when he saw the locomotive heel over, and the coaches seemed to cave in like a concertina. He signalled to the others to push on for the main target.

Perhaps a signal had been flashed through. Anyway, the fighter opposition over the marshalling yards inland was in strength. Delbos was ready to flash dead on target when a long dark line of fighters came astern and tracers whistled about them like hail. Delbos saw a gush of dark smoke as one of the Me.s went down, and then he was mixing it with two others. He got one in his sights, but the Hun had too much speed on and got away. He went in again, but too fast, and bullets ripped the "glasshouse." He ducked just in time to miss a hatful of lead. Sweat was pouring down his face now, and he was shaking a bit. He reached for more height and pressed the button

BARTLETT held his revolver in opened and a thin bony face with

Illustrations by Clive Upptton

a steady hand. Slowly the door a drooping moustache peered in

just as a Me. sheered into his sights. It dropped like a plummet, but he had no time to study the scenery. A fury of cannon fire tore into him, and the kite began to bounce. Suddenly he went fighting mad. The Me. came in for the kill, and Delbos side-slipped away, rammed in and tore off a rapid burst. The Hun seemed to stagger in mid-air, and Delbos followed her down, his jaws clamped tightly in a savage grin. For a minute he had forgotten the elementary lesson never to leave your tail unguarded. Only when he was down to a couple of hundred feet and the Me. had blown up with a deep-throated groan did he realise his danger. Another fighter whipped a fierce burst into him, and he knew that his tail was smoking. Then a Spitfire dived angrily, and the Me. turned to give battle. Delbos felt the stick trembling in his hand, but managed to grab some height. He pulled out shakily, but was close enough to see the Spitfire go down in flames. That was the kite that had saved him from a fool's death. Only when they got back to base did he learn that Amiot was in that plane. Amiot, who liked the tango and swore that he would marry an English nurse and have five sons.

THEY had drunk champagne that night, Delbos's champagne, but it had not put him to sleep. He had lurid dreams of being shot down and living miserable long years on Devil's Island, in chains. He awoke while it was still dark, had a cold shower and went for a walk round the station. More than ever he had the certainty that he was doomed. For days something had been brewing; you could sense it from the looks of the big-wigs who came down to the station; from the armoured cars that thundered night and day to the coast; and from the broad newspaper hints that a hammer-blow was soon to be struck at Hitler's fortress.

When it came, after all those months of expectancy, the station had a sense of tremendous relief as if a welcome thunderstorm had blown up after the heat and dust. There was some bustle and excitement after the briefing—the fitters and armourers, in particular, had the air of great events about them as they hurled themselves at their aircraft—yet the moment of departure itself was not dramatic. The station was at once sealed from the outside world; no telephone calls, and nobody was to leave. Meanwhile, information trickled in to the station commander.

A host of craft had put to sea in the damp, cold night mist; mine-sweeping flotillas hacking a path; blunt-nosed ships carrying tanks and guns; motor launches and gunboats purring steadily ahead; M.T.B.s darting swiftly for the unseen coast; and destroyers swinging along on the flanks of the landing craft, packed with grimly silent troops of commandos. So far, all was well and according to plan. In a matter of minutes, the signal would go up for hundreds of cannon-firing Spitfires, Hurricanes and Martlets to cover the landing, and "strafe" gun nests on the French coast. Landings were to be made at various points converging on X-sur-Mer. This might be the big show or only a trial job like the Dieppe landing; nobody at the station could say with certainty.

DELBOS lay on the bed in his room smoking one cigarette after another. Outside, the birds were singing, and the air droned with engines being tuned. Radio transmitters whined last-minute instructions. He stubbed out his cigarette and stared fixedly at the ceiling with a funny smile on his lips. This was the supreme irony, he thought grimly; in perhaps half an hour he would be fighting for his life over X-sur-Mer. He had fought this dread for so long that there was a peculiar fitness in the fate that now directed him to die over the one place on earth that inevitably meant disaster. Well, at any rate, he would not be taken alive, and nobody in the squadron should ever know that he was a wanted murderer. He had burned all papers that might give a clue, and, in the outgoing mailing tray, ready to be collected as soon as the squadron took off, was a bulky package addressed to the Minister of Finance in the Fighting French Government. It contained the key to a safe deposit and full authority to use its contents for the relief of French war orphans. Nearly £70,000 in banknotes and securities, the personal estate of Jean Salant, former bank-robber and now doomed pilot of Fighting France. He felt no bitterness or fear as the Tannoy speaker blared out its summons. He pulled hard on his cigarette, stubbed it out, and got into his kit. He flicked the room with a final glance, straightened his pillow, and stumped out.

The squadron was quickly airborne, and the ground staff waved as casually as if this were just another "rhubarb." The attacking craft were visible now like a fan in the silvery sunlit water. The coast guns were popping hard, and, in a matter of seconds, flak was ramming into the squadron. Delbos pushed hard on his throttle and dived (*Continued on page* 62)

(Left) The Chateau d'If, a small island just off Marseilles, made famous by Dumas in his book "The Count of Monte Cristo." (Below) The cell in the old state prison where the Man in the Iron Mask was incarcerated

The house on Caprera where Giuseppe Garibaldi lived and died. This island was the starting point of many of his expeditions in support of the cause of Italy's freedom

In the Western Mediterranean

Islands of Mystery and Romance

By C. Fox Smith

THE islands of the sea loom, in these days, often surprisingly large. Perhaps it is some few square miles of barren Arctic beach and rock and dune, cried over by seabirds through the ages, battered by centuries of gales, and unvisited of man save, perhaps, when some passing sealer has sought an anchorage there—or some reef-ringed Pacific atoll whose singing palms and thundering surf have kept up their unending diapason since the dawn of time unheard except by the pearl fisher or the island trader—or some one of the thousand isles of Greece that still remember Aphrodite rising from the waves and the passing of Odysseus or the Argonauts.

Who, for example, out of the many thousands who in bygone days sowed lettuces in their suburban gardens ever associated them with a little island in the Dodecanese, which one of the sudden chances of war brought not long since into the news? And that example is but one of many. How many, a year or so ago, had ever heard of the Lipari group—or of the Tuscan group, with the possible exception of Elba? And that, incidentally, a good many people confused with St. Helena, and would if challenged, have located in the South Atlantic.

Most people nowadays know the larger islands of the Mediterranean—Crete, the tragic and glorious, and Malta, the invincible, and Corsica, renowned for its brothers, its little corporal, its vendettas, and its briar pipes. But there are many small islands and groups of islands, some of them little more than rocks a few square miles in extent, which have yet played a surprisingly important part in the history of the tideless sea, but of which hardly any one had heard till they came on to the map of the world war.

Consider, first of all, the Lipari Islands, to which allusion has already been made—Lipari, Salina and Volcano, with Panarea and Stromboli away to the nor'-east, and Ustica far out to the westward. All are more or less volcanic, and Stromboli with its perpetually active crater, a pillar of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night just north of the Straits of Messina, is a well-known milestone on the sea road between Port Said and Genoa; the jets of flame shooting up from the 3,000-ft. peak, and the stream of fiery lava pouring down the mountainside into the sea making a sufficiently imposing spectacle. Stromboli is a curiosity among volcanoes in that it has been unceasingly active for 2,000 years. The dwellers on its slopes do not seem to mind. They grow excellent grapes in the volcanic soil, and even a considerable eruption in 1930 did not scare them away permanently from their restless neighbour.

"Isole Eolie"—Isles of Aeolus—is the Lipari group's other name, and in ancient times Stromboli, by reason of its flatulent rumblings, was said to be the abode of Aeolus, the wind god. Here, so the story goes, Odysseus acquired the bagful of wind which stood him in such good stead in his voyagings.

The much less (*Continued on page* 68)

A view of Porto Ferraio on the Isle of Elba. (Below) The Villa San Martino where Napoleon lived during his exile on the island

Stromboli, the volcanic island north of the Straits of Messina. It has been unceasingly active for two thousand years, and is a well-known milestone on the sea road between Port Said and Genoa

Old Tales Re-told

He Reaped The Whirlwind

How a Small River in North America Got its Peculiar Name

As the strange procession drew nearer without showing any sign of warlike intention, the mounted warriors circled round, shooting a few arrows into the air as a warning.

Written and Illustrated By

F. Matania, R.I.

CRAZY-WOMAN'S FORK is the name of a tributary of the Powder River in the State of Oregon, North America. This particular tributary had been originally named by the Red Indians " Big Beard," after a kind of plant which grew along its banks. But later on a dramatic episode took place there which so impressed them that they re-named it " Crazy-Woman's Fork."

At the beginning of the nineteenth century this region had not yet been explored by the white man. On the banks of the " Big Beard " stood a native village, where several hundred Crow Indians lived contentedly by trapping the beaver in which the river abounded.

One day a stranger appeared, bringing with him several loaded pack-ponies. He was a half-breed trader who had come to do business, and he had with him an intriguing collection of European articles, such as beads of various colours, blankets, brass rings that looked like gold, shiny cooking utensils and bright paints.

In exchange for this merchandise he obtained nearly all the furs in the village, together with some fine ponies. His advent was most welcome to the lonely settlement, and when he prepared for his departure the Indians openly expressed their sorrow and regret. However, he promised to return later and bring with him many more beautiful things from the market of the paleface.

Several months elapsed, when one morning some of the Crow sentinels, who were constantly posted at vantage points in the surrounding country, came running to the chief trying to explain to him what they had seen. Some big and frightful things, they said, preceded by strange animals, resembling bisons, and also horses without riders.

There was general alarm. The squaws gathered their children together, and all the men armed themselves with bows, arrows and tomahawks, and took up their positions for the defence of the village.

As the strange procession drew nearer without showing any sign of warlike intention, the mounted warriors circled round, shooting a few arrows into the air as a warning. Still no bellicose reaction came from the invaders. Alarm turned suddenly into joy, however, when it was discovered that the " enemy " was none other than the smiling and friendly trader who had returned as he

The council went in a body to the store and demanded a drink of "black water" for themselves. This time they were given the real thing, and plenty of it, free of charge

had promised. The "big, frightful things" were wagons drawn by oxen. Neither wagon nor ox had even been seen before by the Crow Indians. They could not conceive of any vehicle being drawn on wheels. The only method of haulage they understood was that of two shafts, one each side of a horse, tied together at one end, while the other ends, on which rested the load, dragged along the ground.

The wagons, surrounded by a horde of dancing and shouting Indians, made a triumphal entry into the village, where the trader sprang the biggest surprise of all. From one of the wagons he helped down a white woman with a mass of blonde hair, and he introduced her to the astonished crowd as his wife. These primitive people had, of course, never before seen a white woman, and at first they could not believe that her strange colour was not painted on her skin!

The trader was given a piece of ground by the Indians, whereon he pitched a temporary camp. He then began immediately to build a proper cabin of wood and stone, composed of several rooms. Only when the cabin was finished did he exhibit his new wares, and they made a most impressive sight. Never had such an array of beautiful things been seen before. To enhance his display the trader had even decorated the room with festoons of coloured ribbons.

In a very short while he was in possession of almost every beaver pelt in the village, as well as many beautiful ponies and other items—and he had only bartered in exchange a small part of his store.

If he had been content with his already enormous success and the profit it represented to him, he would have been wiser than he proved to be. As is so often the case, when a man of dubious character achieves sudden and rich success, he loses all sense of proportion and becomes doomed to disaster.

When the chief of the tribe visited the store, the trader revealed for the first time a new attraction he had brought with him. He invited the chief into the small room at the back of the cabin, and then, after swearing him to secrecy,

he offered him a drink of something he called "black water." It was an alcoholic liquor, probably rum.

It was strictly illegal to introduce alcohol into the Indian settlements, on account of the terrible effect it had upon them.

Unsuspecting, the chief drank a little—enough to cloud his senses and make him feel strangely happy. When he emerged from the store he was no longer the dignified and stately person that his people knew. He danced, laughed, shouted, and joked with everyone on the way until he reached his own wigwam, where he fell helplessly asleep.

Next day, when he had recovered, no one had the courage to tell him what an exhibition he had made of himself. So he went again to the store and asked for another drink of the "black water." Again his visit ended in a repetition of the unseemly spectacle.

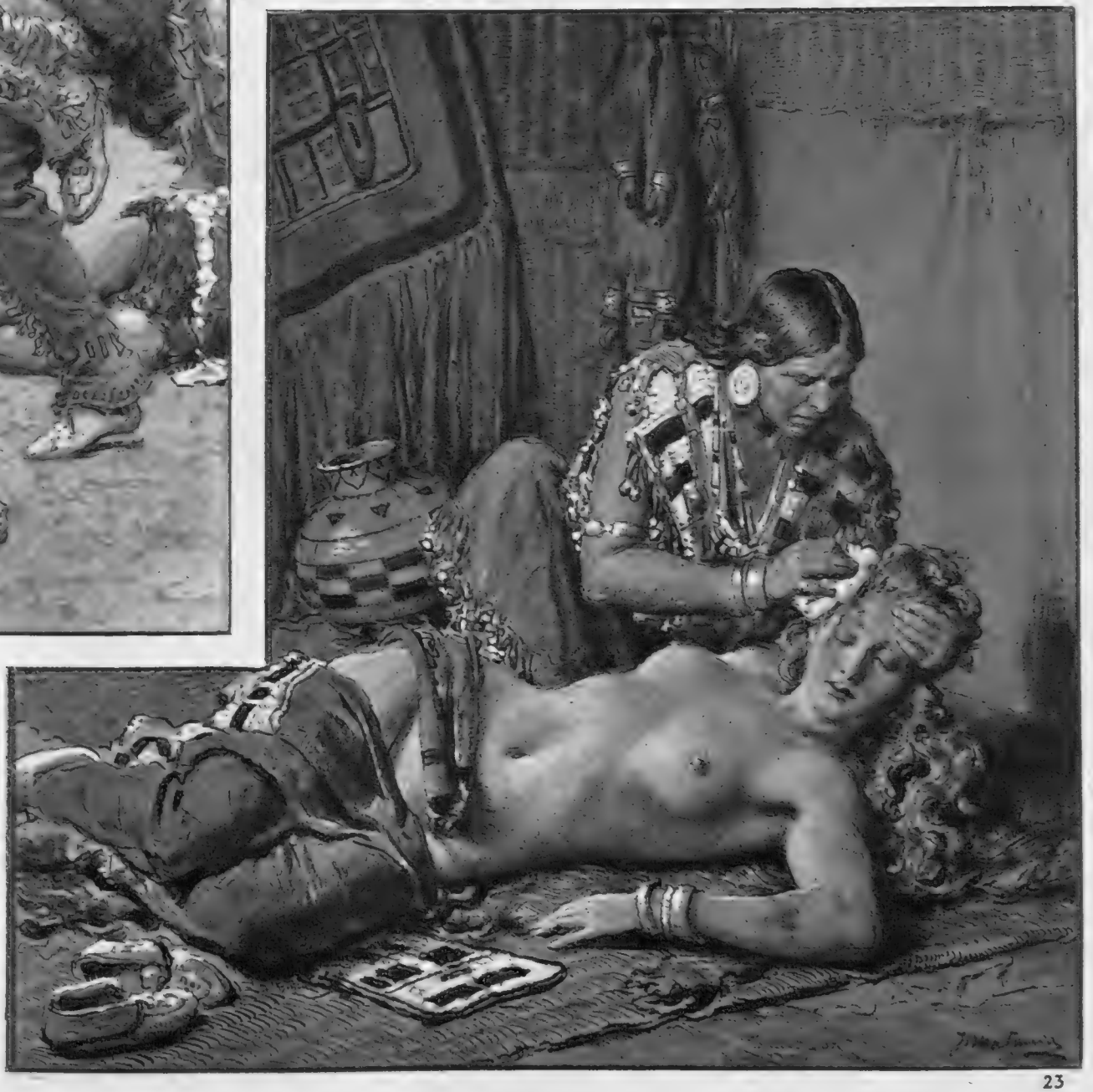
He repeated his visit the next day and the next, until the whole village was so alarmed that a council of war was called to discuss the matter.

The warriors came to the conclusion that the trader had bewitched their chief by putting an evil spirit in his brain. They resolved to send a messenger to him with the ultimatum that he must immediately cease his wicked practice, or perish. The young warrior chosen as messenger went to the store and delivered the ultimatum. The trader listened, without saying a word. Then he laughed, went into the back room of his cabin, and beckoned the Indian to follow him. He swore him to secrecy and then gave him a drink of the "black water," at the same time taking one himself, to prove that it contained no poison. The brave drank it and fell a victim at once. He came out of the store dancing and singing, and in this unusual state returned to the council meeting.

Questioned, he admitted what had happened, and suggested to the others that they, too, should ask for a drink of the "black water," when they would discover for themselves the delightful effect it had. Having said this, he fell asleep, and there was no more to be got out of him.

Without further hesitation the entire council went to the trader and asked him for some of his mysterious beverage. The trader realised that the secret had leaked out, so he gave them, instead of rum, some harmless coloured water.

The warriors drank and waited for the consequences. When nothing happened, they went back and questioned the young brave, who had now awakened from his drunken stupor. He denied what he had



One of the squaws carried the poor woman to her own wigwam, bandaged her wounds and rubbed unguents on the bruises with which the white skin was covered.

previously told them, saying that it was a sudden indisposition which had made him behave the way he did. The council were completely baffled.

Meanwhile, the chief and the young brave became drunk every day.

Another meeting was convened, at which one of the members revealed that he had been making a few investigations on his own account. He had bored a hole in the wall of the cabin and watched the chief and the brave being served with the "black water." The trader and the two culprits were then brought before the council and formally accused. According to custom, he who denied the charge had to fight the accuser. The trader and the chief confessed, but the young brave, who was the best spearsman in the tribe, denied the charge. A fight followed, but the guilty man's arm was unsteady. His spear failed to find its target, while that of his adversary pierced his heart. The trial being over, the council went in a body to the store and demanded a drink of "black water" for themselves.

This was exactly what the trader had desired, to get them all interested and be able to sell it openly to them. This time they were given the real thing, and plenty of it—free of charge. As a result they all lost their sense of decorum and dignity, and there followed an appalling scene of debauchery.

The cabin was besieged with people eager to taste the mysterious liquor that made them feel so happy, so the free drinks lasted for three days, after which the trader demanded payment.

His supply was diminishing rapidly. At first a little sip of it cost the price of one beaver pelt—then two. Then the value of the drink rose to fantastic heights, with the result that the whole tribe became impoverished within a few days.

By now the supply of "black water" had run out. But nobody believed the trader's statement to this effect. The attitude of the Indians became threatening, so the trader deemed it wise to submit to a search of his premises. Nothing was found, but the searchers were not satisfied.

A rumour had been started that the trader had hidden away a store of "black water" so that he could trade with a tribe of Sioux Indians, mortal enemies of the Crows. The trader promised volubly that he would set out for the land of the Palefaces and bring back a large stock of "black water," but they did not trust him to keep his word now.

Stormy discussions took place, at which they tried to make him disclose his hidden store before he left their village. The trader realised the peril of his position, for he had not hidden a single drop, and so, therefore, could not produce any.

The original narrative says of him that: "He had sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind."

Every attempt he made to make the Indians see reason only inflamed them more. They seized him, stripped him naked, and began to torture him to make him reveal his hiding-place. The braves held down his terror-stricken wife and forced her to witness the horrible sight. She saw him struggling and imploring for pity, offering to give them back all that he had taken from them, but in vain. A piercing shriek marked the

(*Continued on page 52*)

At the sight of the warrior the poor woman took fright and ran to hide behind some bushes. The man, not knowing who she was, followed, but she eluded him.

A strato-clipper on its final test flight soaring over Mount Rainier. Licensed for commercial flying, this giant plane carries 33 passengers, with cabins so designed that passengers will not have to wear oxygen helmets at high altitudes

The Battle for Altitude

By Frank Illingworth

MANIPULATING his Spitfire with body movements when paralysis bound his limbs, almost blind with altitude pains, Pilot Officer Reynolds clung to the 86P's tail. Up, up, up amid the fantastic world of the sub-stratosphere where the sky deepens from purple to black, the sun looks like the moon, and what meteorologists call filaments float by. And when, at last, the enemy plane came within cannon-gun range Reynolds's limbs would not answer his brain. But still he clung to the JU 86P. And after an hour's endeavour a burst of fire sent his adversary into a nine-mile dive to destruction.

This victory was a milestone in the most fascinating chapter in the history of aviation, a chapter the first paragraph of which was written when aeronautical experts realised that altitude is the key to air superiority.

Long before war became a certainty, designers and test pilots began reaching for the moon. Indeed, as the duration of non-stop flights increased so airmen endeavoured to cover the same distances at greater heights until the old theories of design reached their ceilings. Above this ceiling an unknown world dwindled into fathomless outer space.

Our knowledge of the outer air is very limited. But science has succeeded in sub-dividing it under several headings, and before proceeding any further it will be as well to define the divisions.

The oxygen belt gradually deteriorates in human value towards the troposphere. This is a layer of clouds and storms which, at about seven miles above the earth, merges into the stratosphere—an area of nitrogen from ten to fifty miles up. Through the stratosphere cosmic rays bombard the earth, and sound waves travel at a height of thirty-five miles. Above the stratosphere comes the upper-stratosphere, a region of eternal calm, thought to consist of hydrogen and helium wherein, at a height of sixty miles, aerial explorers would enter the zone of the aurora and of shooting stars.

Towards this fascinating world air pioneers gaze. They are a very long way from attaining its higher reaches. Perhaps these will ever remain beyond their reach. But the fantastic battle for altitude has seen countless seemingly insoluble problems overcome, and to-day the question is not so much to build high-flying wings as to find men physically capable of taking them to their ceiling.

This article does not cover the fiction-like question of penetrating unknown realms. It treats the many problems which thirty years of constant, daring endeavour have translated from fiction to startling fact.

The paramount problem is to safeguard the human frame against conditions it was never designed to face. And the knowledge gained in this field results from trial and error methods.

The early pioneers returned from their journeys with fearsome tales. Tales of laughter and uncontrollable rage, of cravings for sweet stuffs, of paralysis, blindness, frostbite, of fearful cramp pains, intermittent unconsciousness and a marked inability to appreciate the dangers.

These ailments result from a lack of oxygen and ever-diminishing air pressure.

Though 1910 saw the altitude leap from 1,485 ft. to 10,171 ft., it was not until just before the first World War that an airman returned from 20,000 ft. to confirm that above 18,000 ft. strange physical reactions occur. He found that though his lungs and heart could maintain 18,000 ft. without undue difficulty, the additional 2,000 ft. produced a brain-clouding drowsiness. To-day we know that should faults develop in a pilot's oxygen apparatus at the latter altitude he will fall into a torpor within ten minutes. At 25,000 ft. death can result inside half an hour, and at 35,000 ft. within three minutes. (*Continued on page* 66)

(Left)
George H. Dorsey, Curtiss-Wright test pilot, attired in his high-altitude flying suit and equipment

A strato-liner landing at the La Guardia airfield. This four-motored Boeing aeroplane set up a record (11 hours 45 minutes) flying time on its maiden flight from Los Angeles to New York, with one stop

A Letter For Jennifer

A Good Many Women Came and Went in the Book of Rip Rattigan, but only Two Mattered

By Arthur Gordon

PROBABLY he will never tell this story, even after the war is over and he has gone home and married the girl. Why should he? It's his story and Jennifer's, not yours or mine. But if he ever should tell it, chances are he would begin with that grey afternoon after the Bremen raid, when he came back through the mud to the room in the Nissen hut that he had shared with Rip for the six longest weeks of his life.

He closed the door and stood for a moment with his back to it. A big guy—fair hair, steady blue eyes, face lined with fatigue and flying strain. There's no describing the exhaustion that hits you after a tough raid at altitude. It seems to dissolve your bones.

ABOVE the bed, pasted on the wall, a host of girls smiled down at him. Girls in evening dress, in bathing suits, in nothing at all

He shrugged off his flying jacket, pulled off galoshes caked with mud. The mud came off on his hands the way it always did—wet, sticky, the colour of new cement. He sat down on Rip's bed and his breath steamed faintly in the chill air. His ears were ringing. He felt numb all over, but he was grateful for the numbness.

He glanced around the room and everything had the sharp, unreal clarity that comes when the limits of endurance are reached. The blackout curtain was not yet drawn, and the colourless English twilight seeped in and fell to the floor in pools of shadow. There were two cots, a table with a typewriter on it, a tin bucket and portable washstand in one corner, an iron stove in the other. The fire in the stove was out; it usually was. The typewriter had a half-finished V-letter sticking in the roller. A letter for Jennifer.

"Now what?" said Lt. Jonathan Blake aloud, almost as if he expected an answer.

There was no answer. Above the bed, pasted on the wall, a host of girls smiled down at him. Girls in evening dress, in bathing suits, in nothing at all. He had a sudden vivid recollection of Rip tacking some of them up with the heel of a shoe. "The joint is too gloomy," Rip had said, with his lop-sided grin. "Brighten the corner where you are, I always say!"

The corner where Rip was never needed much brightening. He flood-lighted it himself with a special quality of enthusiasm that was irresistible. He liked people, so they liked him. It was as simple as that. He gave all his friends idiotically inappropriate nicknames. Jonathan he had instantly christened Tiny.

He was as restless and elusive as quicksilver. He loved action and excitement and danger, so he was a magnet for them. More than once Jonathan had glanced across the cockpit from the co-pilot's seat and watched Rip's face as he straightened out the Liberator for the bombing run—forty seconds of rock-steady flying with the flak predictors getting the range four miles below and the enemy fighters boring in like angry hornets. And usually Rip looked as if he were actually enjoying it.

Even that day over St. Nazaire, when the sky turned black with flak bursts and shrapnel rattled on the wings like hail on a tin roof—the day the Focke Wulf 190 came out of the sun and put a twenty-millimetre cannon shell into the number three engine so that flames streamed back like the tail of a comet—even on that day Rip had calmly feathered the wildly windmilling prop and pulled the fire extinguisher that quenched the blaze and held the big ship in formation on three engines, grinning like a schoolboy at a picnic. He had looked across at Jonathan, who was dry-mouthed with fright and not ashamed to admit it, and had said: "Some fun, hey, Tiny?"

THE last minutes ticked away. She kissed them both good-bye. She said to Jonny: "Take care of yourself—and of him." To Rip she said only: "My love be with you, darling"

Quite a boy, Rip Rattigan. Men admired him and women—well, there were a good many who came and went in his books but only two who mattered. Jennifer, whose picture still held the place of honour beside the typewriter. And Camilla.

Jennifer. The picture in the leather frame told you something about her, but not much. It told you that she was as pretty as fliers have a right to expect their girls to be, that she had dark hair and eyes that could be merry or tender and a mouth that was curved for laughter—or for love. But it could not tell you how vulnerable she was, once she had given that love.

They had met her together, he and Rip. They shared their meeting with her as they shared everything else those summer days in Texas, when they were earning their wings. The meeting was not remarkable, it was very American. They came into a diner one night. There were two stools vacant at the counter, one on either side of a girl. A girl with chestnut hair and amber eyes. They had winked at each other once and closed in. And the girl was Jennifer.

They had forced a conversation with her; they were young, masculine, sure of themselves. They couldn't miss; they were fliers, weren't they? They could have any girl they wanted.

But not Jennifer.

Afterwards they couldn't quite remember how she had done it. But the fact remained that she had walked out, leaving two red-faced and bewildered cadets to be laughed at by the other patrons of the diner.

"Look, Tiny," Rip had said, "she can't do this to us. We'll start a campaign right now. A pincer movement. A crusade, if necessary. We'll humble this proud beauty if it takes us all week."

"Hah," rudely said the man behind the counter who had laughed loudest of all. "Listen to him. All week? Brother, it'll take you two years. Apiece!"

"If you're so sure of that," Rip had said craftily, "why not tell us where she lives or where she works so we can get started?"

"She works in the public library," said the man, who was really an objectionable little man with very large ears, "and they don't go in for pincer movements there."

"In that case, my friend," Rip told him, "we'll try a holding operation. Come on, Tiny; we've got strategy to plan."

So at their first opportunity, laden with flowers and apologies, they invaded the library. Jennifer was there, the only vital thing amid centuries of dusty wisdom. She was looking deceptively demure, with a yellow ribbon in her hair. And she recognised them at once.

"Well, gentlemen," she said, "a book on etiquette, perhaps?"

"Lady," Rip said with a bow, "we have come to eat crow, humble pie, our words, our hats, or do any other form of penance you may care to designate. Rip Rattigan is my name and I assure you that my bad manners come mainly from associating with this sub-human roommate of mine, who for once has an intelligent proposal to make." He prodded Jonathan. "Speak up, Tiny!"

"Dinner," said Jonathan hopefully. "For three. *Arroz con pollo.* At Luisito's."

Jennifer's tawny eyes rested speculatively on the pair of them. "Seldom," she said, "do I listen to proposals of this nature from patrons of the library."

But she smiled as she said it, and mainly because it was impossible to resist Rip when he wanted to be irresistible, she finally consented. They walked down the library steps together, and Rip glanced sideways at Jennifer. "Brown hair, yellow eyes," he said disparagingly. "How'd you like us to call you Jenny the Wren?"

"I should detest it!" said Jennifer with conviction.

Rip grinned. "No matter," he said. "Tiny didn't like his nickname at first, either. But he got used to it. You'll learn to love yours too."

From then on the three of them were as inseparable as their work would permit. Twice a week, at least, Luisito could count on seeing the two tall cadets and the laughing girl, who seemed to divide her attention impartially between them—a state of affairs which puzzled and intrigued Luisito's Latin soul no little.

Sometimes they went dancing after dinner, sometimes to a movie. Afterwards, like as not, they'd drop into a corner drugstore and drink malted milks because, as Rip said, "there won't be any contented cows where we're going, brother."

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

Looking back on it, Jonathan could remember the shadow that crossed Jennifer's face when Rip talked of going overseas. Rip himself never noticed, but Jonathan was always watching her. She would look up swiftly at Rip's eager face and she would change the subject, the way a woman will when she does not wish to face an unpleasant reality.

Those long, golden summer evenings. Sitting alone in the winter twilight, Jonathan blew on his cold hands. Strange, he thought, how vividly that corner

RIP was not accustomed to indifference from women. In Camilla's aloofness he sensed a challenge to himself

drug store came back to his mind—the warm mixed smell of candy and medicine, the cheerful red tops of the tables, the pleasantly repulsive sound the straw made when you reached the bottom of your drink. The background of electric toasters and alarm clocks, and Jennifer's face clear as a cameo as she gazed at Rip. . . .

" Dear God," said Jonathan Blake aloud, and he got up and jerked the blackout curtain across the window and turned on the light. Outside on the perimeter track somebody revved up the engines of a Liberator and the sound made him feel queerly ill. He blew on his hands again, but it did no good.

He had known from the beginning that he stood no chance with Jennifer as long as Rip was around. He didn't blame her. Rip had something—a vitality, a flame—that an ordinary, quiet, fairly inarticulate flyer could not hope to match. He knew it from the start, but he had to be certain, so one day he simply asked her.

It was at the first football game of the season. It was a hot, bright day, more summer than autumn, and the big stadium was bright with colour. The three of them had seats on the forty-yard line and were keyed up to the highest pitch of enjoyment because they knew that time was running out. Everything was beginning to assume a queer finality, a this-is-the-last-time quality. An exciting feeling, in a way. But once in a lifetime is enough.

Rip was at his most electric that day. He stood up on his seat before the kick-off and gazed around with the sun glinting on his black hair, and within a radius of twenty yards there must have been a dozen people that he knew. They all beckoned him to come and see them, and he did. A remarkably pretty girl in a scarlet sweater held out both hands to him, and when he reached her she clung to him, her vivid little face turned up to his.

Jonathan looked swiftly at Jennifer. She was watching Rip and the girl, but there was no jealousy in her face, only pride in his popularity. " You love him, don't you? " Jonathan said suddenly, and it was more a statement than a question.

" Yes, I do," Jennifer said, and she put her hand lightly on Jonathan's big paw, and somehow there was no sting for him in the words. He even managed to laugh a little. " That's bad," he said. " I had ambitions myself along those lines, in case you didn't know."

" I know," she said. Her hand tightened a little on his. " If it hadn't been Rip, Jonny," she said, " it would have been you. That's not a consolation prize—it's the truth."

Rip came back then, and the whistle blew, and the game started, and for the next two hours everything was as it had been. But afterwards Jonathan tried to find some pretext to leave them alone together. " Got some studying to do for a change," he said lamely, and they looked at one another for a long moment and he knew he was fooling nobody.

" Don't be silly, Tiny," Rip said finally. " It'll always be the three of us."

" Don't *you* be silly," Jonathan replied. " You haven't much time left, you two." And he walked away from them quickly, before there could be any argument.

There were things (*Continued on page* 56)

A fine portrait of a Grey Heron perching just above its nest. It is about to settle upon its eggs

Early Homemakers

Some Facts About Herons And Their Nesting

By B. Melville Nicholas

NATURALISTS have always differed in their opinions as to which is the earliest bird to annually turn its attentions to family matters. Some say the rooks are, whilst others favour the tits, and quite a few observers have given the credit to the thrushes. Personally I give the laurels to the heron.

As a matter of fact I have just completed twenty-five years study and observation of wild life, and during that period have compiled many interesting records, one of them being a census of dates and details regarding the birds' annual home-making. Those records show that even in January many pairs of herons return to their old nests, and, in real earnest, at once commence to renovate and repair what damage the winter gales have caused. Nevertheless, out of well over 300 nests that have come under my personal observation, my records give February as the *average* month when herons begin to concentrate on their domestic activities.

A Grey Heron about to alight on her nest. Compare the size of the huge nest with the bird

For many years I was fortunate enough to live in an area where herons were numerous, and in a clump of tall elms, not far from my home, at least twenty nests were occupied every year. Of course, some of these nests had been in use for many years, whilst to replace those that had fallen into disuse new homes were made, and from February onwards throughout the spring and summer, that heronry was a scene of continual activity.

Both sexes share the duties of home-making, bringing huge quantities of sticks and twigs to arrange and manipulate into a flat, firm nest to which they afterwards add a lining of softer materials. Existing nests are added to year after year until they become enormous structures, and I have noticed that those pairs having former nests to return to, commence their activities before those individuals—probably the one-year-old birds—that have to build new homes. Indeed, I have seen the old birds renovating their nests when the surrounding countryside has been covered in snow, and an easterly wind blowing so bitterly keen that it whipped the tears from my eyes.

Towards the end of February eggs are usually laid, being pale greenish-blue in colour and from three to five in number. But does the female incubate alone, or does her partner share the responsibility? That is a question about which opinions differ, but I have evidence to definitely prove that at times the male bird does undertake incubation duties, and also assists in rearing the young. Furthermore, let it also be stated to his credit, that in every respect he is a most dutiful husband, and when his wife is incubating, frequently brings her tasty titbits of food.

Eels are greatly relished by herons, and form a principal item of dietary for the young birds. These youngsters, for the first four or five weeks,

A pair of young herons in their nursery await the return of their parents

are always fed by regurgitation, the parents taking great care to disgorge the food from their own crops direct into the beak of each youngster in turn. Later on, however, the adults are content to empty their crops on the nursery floor, leaving the brood to scramble for their own shares, and make their own selections. This they do accompanied by much squabbling and screaming.

Immediately after each meal, the youngsters huddle together in the bottom of the nest and go to sleep; but they are extremely light sleepers, and the slightest disturbance arouses them—to indulge in more noisy screams and squabbles.

When about a month old, baby herons begin to exercise their wings and are soon able to flap their pinions so vigorously that you expect them to leave the nest at any moment. But no, weeks pass before a flight is attempted, and then the journey undertaken is a short one—probably to the nearest tree. At this stage the youngster is known as a "brancher," and for some considerable while is content merely to crawl and climb about among the trees of the heronry—a nervous, clumsy creature.

But the parents, instead of feeding each chick wherever it happens to be perching (as most other birds do), continue to deposit the food in the nursery, and the young have to scramble back for their shares or go without. Even after (*Continued on page* 66)

The Vintage Years

He Wanted a Ship—to Feel Again the Deck under his Feet, and Hear the Sound of the Sea Crashing or Whispering along her Sides

By Edward Cranston

HE was old. For years he had refused to admit it—had crowded it away into the back of his mind and forgotten it in an orgy of golf, swimming, riding and tennis. But in the end it had beaten him. It stared back at him now as he stood in front of his mirror; cried out in protest each time he went for too long a walk. The thing he had always dreaded and feared—old age.

He straightened his tie and put on his velvet dinner jacket, wincing at the sharp twinge of rheumatism across his shoulders. He walked downstairs and opened the door of the drawing-room. As he entered the room he heard the voice of his doctor in the hall outside:

"I'm afraid there's only one trouble with the Admiral—anno domini; only fifty-eight, I know, but—well, he's always lived 'hard,' hasn't he?" He heard the doctor's apologetic little cough and then the sound of the front door closing. He turned as his wife entered the room.

"Well, what did the doctor have to say, my dear?"

She smiled back at him.

"You're a bit run down, that's all. You need a rest."

That's just what I don't need, he thought; at least, not the sort of rest they mean.

"A spell at sea is what I want," he said. It was ten years now since he had retired, and they had given him the rank of rear-admiral as a sort of consolation prize. Ten years since he had stood on the bridge of his own ship. He hadn't minded so much in peace time, but now——. He had hated this last year, sitting at home reading in *The Times* of the war at sea, reading of the exploits of the men who were still in it—younger men. He was out of date, of course—he knew that. Probably a "Blimp" in the eyes of the rest of the world. But give him a ship and the feel of the deck under his feet and the sound of the sea crashing or whispering along her sides, and the open sky over his head. Then he'd show them whether he had forgotten how to be a seaman.

"It would do me all the good in the world," he said. He felt a spasm of pain across his back again and wondered if he could stand the life. Yes, of course he could; the sea did wonders for a man. In any case it didn't matter—they wouldn't want him, he was too old. The words beat in his head, an ugly, inevitable refrain.

The door opened and the maid came in. She looked excited.

"Telegram for the Admiral, madam!"

His wife took it and handed it to him.

"Thank you, Mabel. We are quite ready for dinner now."

The Admiral finished reading and looked up at his wife. His eyes were shining.

"Old?" he shouted. "Old! Be damned to them, I'm not old! I've got a job!"

He looks younger, she thought; already he looks much younger.

"I'm so glad, dear," she said, and as she spoke her mind leapt back through the years, and she thought: So it's all going to happen again. It will be like the last time all over again. She smiled up into his happy face.

"Take good care of yourself," she said.

THE Admiral sat in the Commanding Officer's cabin on board the destroyer. Its owner, a young Commander, faced him across the dining-table.

"I'm glad you're going to be Commodore of this convoy, sir. You won't remember me, but I served as a midshipman under you in twenty-two."

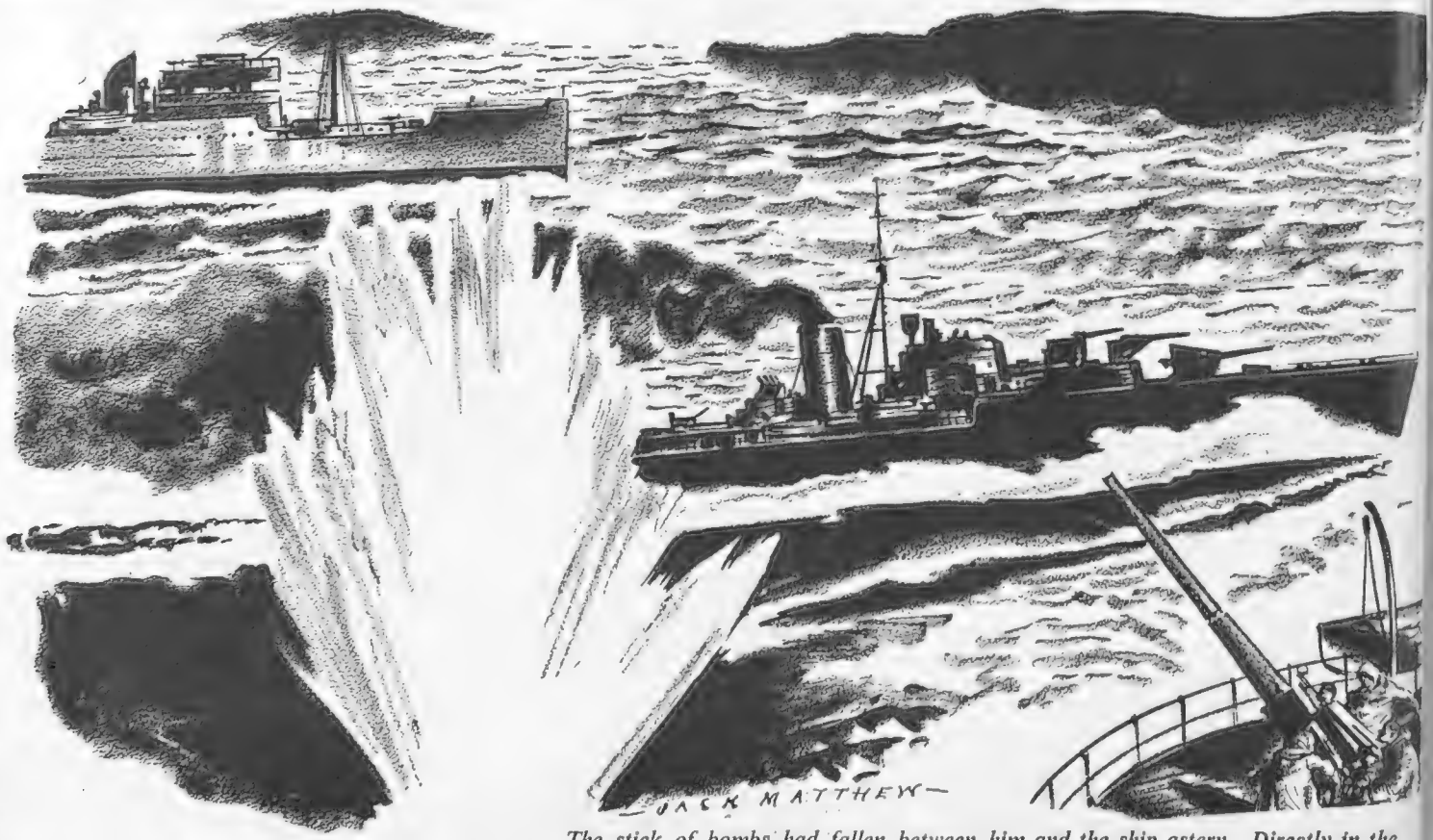
The Admiral stared.

"By Jove, yes! Of course—world's a small place!" As a matter of fact, he hadn't the least idea who this young fellow was, but it would never do to admit it. Mustn't give him the impression that he was out of touch.

The Commander was speaking again.

"You'll remember what I said at the conference this morning, sir? You've got the fastest ship, so please keep the speed down and allow the others to maintain station."

Illustrations by



The stick of bombs had fallen between him and the ship astern. Directly in the

The Admiral frowned. Who did this young pup think he was? There was the hard ring of authority in his voice as he answered:

"Of course—I'm not a fool!"

The Commander rose quickly and rang the bell for his steward. Bit touchy, he was thinking—but still they all are.

"Sherry or gin, sir?" he asked.

The Admiral relaxed. After all, this youngster had more experience of convoys than he had.

"Gin, please," he said, "with just a touch of bitters."

Half an hour later, as he was leaving, the Admiral turned to the Commander and asked the question that had been hovering in the back of his mind ever since the arrival of the telegram.

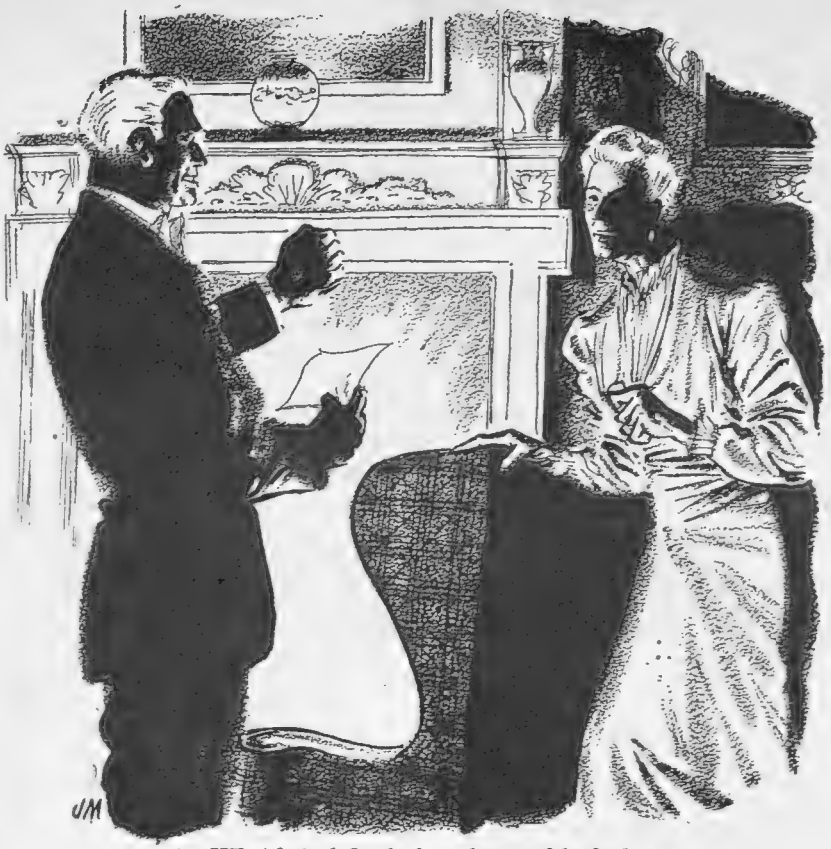
"Any chance of a spot of—excitement?"

The Commander, watching him, noticed the sudden lift of the eyebrows, the twinkle in the blue eyes, the heightened colour in the old lined cheeks, the aggressive chin and the eager smile. It reminded him of the expression on his young son's face when he had been promised a picnic and there was a prospect of something really thrilling, such as climbing trees or playing Red Indians. He grinned.

"There's always a chance, sir."

As the Admiral walked along the jetty towards his car, the Commander spoke to his First Lieutenant, who was standing beside him.

"Bit of an old fire-eater," he said. "But he's O.K.—oh yes, he's O.K.!"



THE Admiral finished reading and looked up at his wife. His eyes were shining

THE Admiral noted, with approval, for the thousandth time since he had come aboard, the spotless decks and clean paintwork of the bridge. He had known little of the Merchant Service in the old days, and now he was very impressed with what he saw. Any naval commander would have been proud to have a ship so clean and quietly efficient as this great cargo vessel. They were three days out of port and for the last forty-eight hours had seen no sign of land. All around them stretched the endless waters of the Atlantic, calm and still now under the hot sun of midday, but, as the Admiral well knew, capable of being transformed into a grey mass of angry leaping waves within the space of a few hours. Ahead, and on either side of the two lines of merchant ships, steamed the escorting destroyers, pitching gently in the long swell, maintaining their ceaseless vigil against prowling U-boats. Away to the north-eastward a small black cloud crept up into the blue sky. The red ensign on the jackstaff lifted lazily in a sudden puff of wind and then fell limp again.

Storm to-night, thought the Admiral.

"We've been lucky with the Focke Wulfs this trip so far—touch wood!"

He looked round to see the ship's Captain standing beside his compass, his eyes sweeping the sky ahead, one gnarled brown hand resting lightly on the polished wood of the binnacle.

The Admiral laughed.

"Must confess I've never seen one!"

"You're lucky; they can be a bloody nuisance!"

The Captain turned to the officer of the watch.

Jack Matthew

position where that second ship would have been, had they not altered course

" I'm just going down to my cabin for a cup of tea."

" Aye, aye, sir."

The Admiral walked slowly to the wing of the bridge and looked up at the sky. He was feeling unexpectedly nervous, unsure of himself. Had there been a flicker of contemptuous amusement in the Captain's eye when he had confessed complete ignorance of Focke Wulfs which were, next to the U-boats, the greatest menace to Atlantic convoys? Perhaps, after all, he was out of date; perhaps he should never have accepted this appointment. He felt painfully aware of being an intruder from another age, unwelcome and useless in this new war which he did not understand. He pulled a half-filled pipe out of his pocket and lit it. The strong, familiar taste of the tobacco restored his confidence. Damn it, he thought, I'm Commodore of this convoy and this is my ship. He reflected with renewed satisfaction that there was precious little he did not know about ships.

A shout from the starboard look out disturbed his thoughts.

" Aircraft green one hundred ! "

The Admiral raised his binoculars. He could just distinguish the black speck with its tiny sprouting wings.

" Big bad wolf, or I'm a Dutchman ! " said the look out.

The Admiral spoke sharply out of the side of his mouth without lowering the binoculars.

" Hoist emergency turn to starboard—full speed ! "

In the few brief seconds while the speck grew until he could see the twin engines and the blunt nose between them, the Admiral was thinking hard. When the emergency signal was hauled down all the ships in the convoy would turn together, thus presenting the minimum amount of target to the bomber. The vital point was to decide upon the exact moment at which this should be done. Something the destroyer Commander had told him flashed across his brain : " Wait till they're committed to the final run in for dropping their bombs ! "

The aircraft was coming straight for them, at right angles to the course of the convoy. Out of the corner of his eye the Admiral saw the leading destroyer racing past him, a white plume of foam at her bows, her guns cocked menacingly skywards. The enemy aircraft was losing height slowly, its nose pointing directly towards the centre of the convoy. Now was the moment !

" Haul down ! " said the Admiral.

Slowly the two lines of ships lumbered round towards the aircraft. The Admiral dug his finger-nails hard into the palms of his hands. Sweat ran down his cheeks, but he did not notice it. The roar of engines thundered in his ears, to be drowned a moment later by the boom of high-angle guns and the measured thud of pom-poms. The bridge tilted steeply as the ship answered her helm. They were coming round.

He saw the bombs drop. Four of them close together. The aircraft banked above his head and began to climb. He had a brief, vivid picture of black smoke pouring from its starboard engine and then the ship was lifted by a gigantic under-water explosion. He steadied himself against the compass as a great sheet of water swept over the bridge. The stick of bombs had fallen between him and the ship astern. Directly in the position where that second ship would have been had they not altered course. The Admiral suddenly felt very weary. His knees, for some reason, no longer responded to his brain. Dimly he was aware of the Captain's voice.

" That was a Focke Wulf. I congratulate you, sir ! Have some tea —there's a dash of rum in it ! "

The Admiral took the proffered cup and drained it. He was smiling. His knees were returning to their usual state.

" Resume normal course and speed," he said.

THE doctor picked up his bag. There was a puzzled frown on his forehead.

" It's amazing," he said. " You seem to be about ten years younger."

The Admiral left his chair and walked over to the window. He was thinking of all that had happened in the past few weeks; of the silver track of a torpedo in dark water under the moon, and the dull heavy thud of exploding depth-charges; of a cluster of ships pitching and rolling in a mid-Atlantic gale while their crews peered unceasingly into the thick mist, striving to keep station and to avoid collision; of the sense of exhilaration and pride when the storm had passed, and he had counted those ships and found that none was missing; of the signal he had received from the destroyer Commander on parting company : " I hope we may give a repeat performance together soon." And of that Focke Wulf. . . .

" I can't understand it," said the doctor.

The Admiral looked at him.

" Have you ever been to sea? "

" Only on a pleasure cruise just before the war—I was sick for the greater part of the time ! "

The Admiral chuckled.

" Then I'm afraid I shall never be able to explain it to you," he said.

END

THE look out peered unceasingly into the thick mist, striving to keep station and to avoid collision

TEST YOUR CAPABILITIES

Are you an efficient person in the small crises which arise inside the home? Try yourself out on these problems.

1 What would you do to restore a bath sponge that has grown slimy from constant use, remembering the fact that these are difficult and expensive things to replace at this time and must be carefully conserved?

2 Somebody spills ink on the linen tablecloth with the best crochet edging that your mother made you. You must act quickly and effectively to put the matter right. What would you do to remove the stain without harming the cloth?

3

Your small child is unwell and yet you are reluctant to call the doctor unless you are sure she is running a temperature. What symptoms would you look for to confirm that she is feverish?

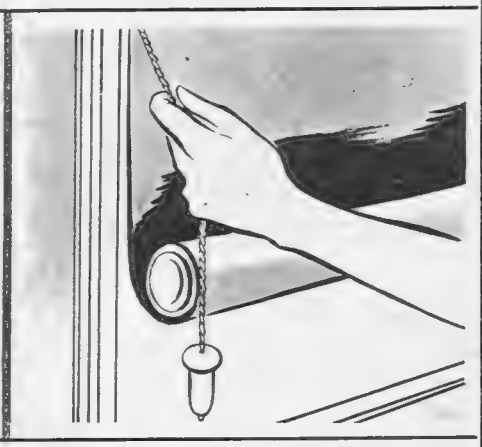
4 It is freezing hard. An inside pipe has burst in your house and is gushing water over the room. The plumber cannot come for two hours, and, as things are, he may even postpone it for two days. How would you stop the leak temporarily?

5 Somebody in your household has spilt boiling water on his foot while filling a hot-water bottle. What action would you take to relieve the pain and counteract the shock until medical advice can be obtained?

6 You are determined to distemper the kitchen if you can only get time to spare and also the yellow distemper to do it with, but the shopkeeper can only provide you with whitewash. How would you convert this to your purpose?

7 You have been warned of an infectious epidemic in your neighbourhood. You have children at school, and are anxious that they shall be kept free of infection if possible. What preventive action can you take to reduce the risk of infection for them and yourself?

8 Your black-out system consists of spring roller-blinds, but one of them has suddenly ceased to roll and insists upon staying either completely up or completely down. How would you go about repairing it?



9 The front-door key refuses to function smoothly in the lock and is causing trouble whenever you attempt to open the door. Not being much of a mechanic, what sort of treatment would you give it to restore its smooth-working condition?

10

Your precious and infinitesimal butter ration has come from the grocers with a very rancid flavour. The family refuse to eat it this way, so what would you do to restore it to freshness?

11 Only three tea-cloths remain from your store of twelve. Even these have thin patches and threaten to break out into irreparable holes at any moment. How can you repair them, other than by ordinary darn, sufficiently strongly to withstand more wear?

12 There is an electric bell on your front door which, one day, suddenly begins violently, although nobody is pressing the button. It continues to ring. How would you stop it?

Answers on Page 51

The austere lines of the typical modern concrete design may not appeal to every taste, but nobody can deny the economy, efficiency and comfort of such a house as this, which is planned to trap the sun indoors and to provide every facility for enjoying it outdoors

ASK the average woman to describe her ideal house of the future and it is fairly certain that her requirements will be comparatively simple. Some women may express a yearning for visionary palaces, but most ask for no more than a house which is beautiful, comfortable and secure.

These are not extravagant ambitions, after all, for women who have given so much to the war.

There is, of course, no such thing as an ideal house, because individual tastes differ so widely. For this reason we have made no attempt to typify our Number One Easy Street on these pages, but merely to outline its essential needs.

The architectural design of the house may take any number of forms. Some will prefer the type of design which we have pictured; others will wish for something nearer to the outlines of tradition. But this does not really matter. The important thing is that the house should be sunny, spacious, easy to run, reasonably private and always satisfying to look at.

The kitchen of Number One Easy Street is not the laboratory type of kitchenette. Most practical housewives agree on this point. The kitchen must be comfortable; large enough to take family meals in when necessary—in fact, more like the kitchen of old, which was always one of the most comfortable and comforting rooms in the house.

The one-piece kitchen unit which has lately been perfected by a London engineer is an inspiring contribution to the promised after-the-war house. This all-electric unit includes a refrigerator surrounded with cupboards; an electric oven at table-height; a hot-plate and grill unit; a 20-gallon water heater; cupboards for crockery, an ironing-board and kitchen utensils. The unit, which measures 11 ft. by 8 ft., will be bought complete and fitted into any suitable kitchen wall. A ventilation system is included to extract cooking odours and to keep the kitchen cool. Mass production, it is expected, will make these units available to the public at a reasonable cost.

It is taken for granted that every house will have refrigeration, but, even so, larders must be improved. They must be big enough for all kinds of stores without overcrowding. Good lighting, tiles and shelves divided into sections are essential. Reasonable facilities, either in the kitchen or adjacent to it, for home laundry are a necessary addition to the new house. A good washing-machine must be part of the kitchen equipment, and a hot chamber for drying clothes must be included.

A lavatory-basin in the bedroom is a practical necessity, but not always attractive in itself. In this bedroom the basin is concealed behind curtains in a recess which is fitted with a cupboard, towel-rails and a well-lit mirror

Essentials of the good bathroom are hot water, warmth and room to move in comfort. A simple but superlative bathroom with coloured tiled walls and bath, rubberised floor covering and a shower. (*Ideal Boilers.*)

EASY STREET

This, we hope, is the future address of every woman who by hard work and fine endurance throughout the days of war has won the right to live at ease in the days of peace.

This is an unusually spacious sitting-room, but the large fireplace which occupies most of one wall gives a cosy intimacy, while huge windows along the opposite wall admit every available ray of light and sun throughout the day

(Below) This gracious scheme of decoration is proof that the austere character of modern architecture can be successfully combined with the more mellow type of interior fittings. Old furniture is blended with new, and clever colours soften the effect of a starkly simple background

This spacious kitchen is fitted with elaborate cupboards sufficient to hold every necessity of kitchen equipment

Ventilation will combine with heating facilities to make Number One Easy Street a place of health as well as comfort. Windows everywhere will be large and easy to clean, and even fixed window-frames will have a small section which can be opened.

Plastics have a great future in the sense of reducing labour and improving the colour of the new house of the future. Wall coverings, glazing and all kinds of accessories can be made of this magical material, which is cheap and more durable than anything yet seen.

Board floors can be relegated to the past. In their place we hope to see processed floors for kitchens and bathrooms, as well as rubberised materials that are warmer, softer and easier to clean.

Built-in furniture will reduce the cost of furnishing in Easy Street. Enclosed pipes will do away with an unsightly feature of most present-day houses and reduce discomfort and expense of winter bursts.

"Sufficiency, Simplicity and Standardisation" has been named as a slogan for the house of the future. It is technically possible to have all three. All we need to make this dream reality is the will to organise a solid body of opinion which cannot be denied.

Winifred Lewis.

On the right is an economical country house of timber and designed to trap the sun. The house is small, but very spacious, and is fitted with every device for comfort and easy maintenance

I Hereby Resolve

My good intents for this year may not seem high or mighty, focused as they are on the trivia of our lives. But to-day, as never before, it is the little things that liquidate or maintain our morale.

Let us suppose, then, that some nice soldier or sailor brings back a tin of butter, a roll of silk or some exotic pretty from foreign parts, I do hereby resolve not to encourage criminal intentions in those around me by announcing my fortune with that Mona Lisa smile which other receivers of such goods consider indispensable in like circumstances.

Out of my vocabulary for ever are the following: actually, definitely, shaming, you see, it couldn't matter less, it 's heaven/torture. It is too much to hope that this resolve could be widespread, since I am aware that such restrictions would render many people speechless.

Far too often I have discomfited other wives and mothers by stressing their fortune on having husband or son (a) still at home; (b) within reach; (c) on steady week-end leaves. If that 's the luck of the draw, that 's the luck of the draw. Instead of despoiling our language with raw words, I could use the time in adding up my own blessings. I could, of course, learn a new language.

When a friend shows me how unkindly her new, pricey coat is standing up to life, I shall refrain from mentioning that mine was Utility, around £4 10s.

Cooking generally, shopping frustrations, the quality and comparative merit of restaurant food, the date of the end of the war, the price of things, travel troubles, all the cliché conversation of our lives to-day, will be, if not missing from my conversation, at least rationed.

These few specimens give a rough outline of the sunshine personality that is my target for 1944. All that remains is for me to resolve never, never to give utterance to any self-reproaches at unkept intentions.

JEAN BURNUP.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit ; p. = purl. ; m. = make ; s. = slip ; st. = stitch or stitches ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning.

MATERIALS

6 oz. Lister's Lavenda, 3-ply ; No. 9 and No. 11 needles ; 3 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 in. ; length, 23 in.

TENSION

7½ st. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 96 st. with No. 9 needles. Work the following rib : **1st row** (right side of work).—P. 6, *(k. 2 tog., but do not s. off needle, k. again into first st. and s. both st. off) twice, p. 12. Repeat from * to end of row, ending p. 6. **2nd row.**—K. 6, *p. 4, k. 12, repeat from * to end, ending k. 6. Repeat these 2 rows until 5½ in. have been worked. Change to No. 11 needles and work k. 2, p. 2, rib for 2 in. Change to No. 9 needles and the pattern again, and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of first and every 4th row after, until there are 128 st. Work straight until work measures 16 in. up centre (not stretched). Cast off 10 st. at beg. of next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row, until there are 84 st. Work straight on half the st. (42) until armhole measures 10 in. round curve. Cast off 9 st. at outside edge on every other row 3 times. Cast off remaining st. Work other side the same.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armholes are 8 in. round curve. Now work 35 st., cast off 14, work 35. Continue on these last st. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 27 st. Work straight until armhole is 10 in. round curve. Cast off 9 st. at outside edge on every other row 3 times. Work other side the same.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up shoulder seams. Pick up 138 st. round armholes and work k. 2, p. 2, rib for 8 rows. Crochet round neck and back opening. Sew up side seams. Make loops for buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

LARGER SIZES

1 oz. more wool is needed.

36 SIZE

Cast on 106 st. instead of 96 and continue to have 10 more st. than in 34 size, until there are 138 st. instead of 128. Cast off 15 st. instead of 10 at armholes, and finish as 34 Size.

38 SIZE

Work as 36, using No. 8 needles instead of No. 9.

MATERIALS

5 oz. La Laine, 2-ply, in beauty pink, 3 oz. in grey natural ; 4 buttons ; No. 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 in. ; sleeve seam, 18 in. ; length, 19 in.

TENSION

7½ st. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BODICE (2 pieces alike)

Cast on 127 st. in beauty pink. Work as follows : **1st row.**—K. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P. **5th row.**—K. **6th row.**—P. **7th row.**—K. 3, *p. 1, k. 5, repeat from * to end of row, ending p. 1, k. 3. **8th row.**—P. **9th row.**—K. **10th row.**—P. **11th row.**—K. **12th row.**—P. **13th row.**—*P. 1, k. 5, repeat from * to end, ending p. 1. Repeat from 2nd to 13th rows, so that lines of p. st. come between lines below. When there are 8 in. worked, k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 2 more in. worked, making 10 in. straight up from casting off. Cast off. (92 st.)

THE WAISTBAND

With grey natural wool, cast on 30 st. Work the following pattern : **1st row.**—K. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—P. **4th row.**—P. **5th row.**—K. **6th row.**—K. Repeat these 6 rows, making purl lines across stocking st., until strip measures 25 in. Cast off.

THE YOKE FRONT

Cast on 42 st. in grey natural wool. Work the waistband pattern and at same time m. 1 st. at left edge of work on every 6th row until there are 60 rows worked. Cast off 10 st. at shaped edge. Now k. 2 tog. next this casting off on every other row until there are 34 st. Work a few rows straight to make 6½ in. from casting on (half-way). Now work on straight for the same number of (Continued on p. 67.)

DRESS: By JEAN BURNUP, Editor Women's Department

THESE CLOTHES WILL SOON BE IN GOOD SHOPS AND STORES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.
IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO OBTAIN THE IDENTICAL MODELS, BECAUSE OF RESTRICTED SUPPLIES, SIMILAR STYLES, EMBODYING THE SAME SPECIAL FEATURES, WILL BE AVAILABLE.

1. The jumper suit, to-day's big seller, gives two for the price of one, splitting usefully, each half teaming with what you will. Here, in its dressier form, the black silk skirt has four unpressed pleats, the bodice a long, waist-defining line. White pipes the serrated throat line and faces the cuff bows. Lady in Black.

2. Stalwart of a coupon-cut wardrobe, the little black dress, at its best like this, simple, dramatised with clever cutting. Subtle bosom and hip drapery flatter the body. There's your background. Now add a rare jewel. Rembrandt.

3. This grey and white striped suit has class. It is expressed in its edge-to-edge, linked jacket—longer than usual—the zestful exploitation of stripes, expert, superb tailoring. It is accompanied by a yellow gilet. Matita.

4. Finally, a vivid green Utility coat which has all the virtues: shoulders wide, straight and handsome, a classic collar and revers, a close waist fit, an air of integrity. Deréta.

Are Your EYES RIGHT?

LOOK yourself straight in the eye. Are your eyes getting the attention they need? Will they look young and act young in years to come?

Eyes are practically the most important link between you and the world about you—certainly between you and your associates. Yet they are the Cinderella feature as far as health and beauty are concerned. They will endure endless strain without more protest than a slight filled-with-sticks feeling in the morning and a minute line or two, in addition to your crow's-feet. They can still look beautiful when they are weary too. But they will repay you generously in the future for any attentions you give them now.

Eyebrows are frequently the danger flag of misused sight. A permanent frown, a drawing together of brows peeringly, tells plainly that you are straining your eyes. Check up on your eye-work; increase your candle-power; forgo more than fifteen minutes of reading in bed and try to do without it entirely; alleviate any work strain that you can, and—exercise daily.

It is gradually becoming acknowledged that eye exercises should be taught and done at school as regularly as physical jerks, and should be continued throughout life.

A permanent frown tells plainly that you are straining your eyes

Many specialists will give eye-troubled clients a routine of exercise to follow to strengthen the eye muscles—and therefore the sight—and thus prevent the need of spectacles. But why wait until your eyes have become out of order? Eye-stress due to work, hobby or long hours of artificial light, such as the majority of us have to endure in the winter, demands a series of specialised eye exercises daily. Not only will your eye health be better, your sight stronger, but your eyes will look more beautiful and will stay as large as they are, rather than sag into a smallness of age. Send for an exercise-sheet now and learn the exercises quickly; you will then be able to do them at any odd moment of the day, or when your eyes are feeling tired. They are simple, but very effective.

If you wear glasses you should do exercises just the same. Furthermore, don't forget to have your lenses checked every two years. If you have been doing the exercises regularly, you may have them checked sooner and throw your glasses away, perhaps; but in any case, out-of-date lenses are worse than none, and the condition of your eyes changes just as does the condition of your body.

Lids sometimes get crinkled and they are difficult to keep smoothly youthful, because a heavy application of skinfood only puffs them into a smoothness which disappears later, leaving a few more lines behind. So if you put any skinfood on, make sure that it is the merest smudge and that it is gently tapped in, then wiped off. Lids purr under little cool pads of eye-lotion-soaked cotton wool. Leave them on for five to ten minutes if eyes have been working all day and need to shine at night too.

Rims should be discreetly unnoticeable. Pinkness can be due to crying or strain. Crustiness at the base of the lashes is due to strain. Try not to strain, try not to weep, and get on with those exercises, bathe with a good lotion such as Optrex or Elizabeth Arden's or—especially for a crusted condition—a weak solution of bicarbonate of soda and water. Use Golden Eye Ointment at the base of the lashes, and if you have

Winter

WHY does midwinter lay such a heavy hand on a woman's energies?

Is it that a series of colds pulls us down physically? Such an anti-cold campaign is now being waged with injections, hygienic rules and regular doses of halibut- or cod-liver oils that we should not have had one or two at the most. Is it something to do with heavy puddings and a generally heavier diet? Most likely, as no one can feel energetic after a large meal—all the body's energies are busy coping with the digestion of the meal.

Is it something to do with fugging indoors? Most likely, again, because if you confine a number of people in an airless space for too long, they lose so much energy that they die.

Get one early night a week

Is it due to sleep habits?

Sleep regenerates energies. Torture a man by enforcing wakefulness and he will collapse. All the year we do keep in line with the sun to a certain extent, as far as rising and retiring

Health and Beauty By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

weak eyes, use this ointment to encourage the growth of lashes rather than vaseline, castor oil or milk.

Lashes will only respond to a perpetual grooming and brushing with a lash cosmetic brush, and the above-mentioned preparations. You cannot make lashes longer overnight, and you cannot make them coarser or more effective over years, so make them grow, and, if they are fine, use mascara—it will show their length and improve the beauty of your eyes.

The whites of your eyes should be white, and any discoloration is a warning that you must drink more water between meals, take a cleansing saline in the mornings, make certain of perfect elimination daily, eat more raw cabbage-heart salads, get more exercise and work the bile out of your system.

Under-eye shadows may mean that you should consult your doctor to see if all organs are fit, or it may mean that you need more iron in your blood, more watercress and carrot in your diet. You can hide this under-eye shadow with clever make-up, starting rouge on your cheekbones and taking it up faintly to bottom lashes. The pink blush, so faint that it is unnoticeable, hides the greyness when you have powdered.

If you need more than these simple routines to cherish your eyes and sight, go to a specialist, as eyes are too precious and sensitive for you to take chances with them.

Lashes will only respond to a perpetual grooming and brushing

Salt Sense

CHECK up on your salt consumption. You will most likely find that you don't even bother to taste your food to test its salt content before taking a helping of salt. It is not good for the body to have too much salt.

There are certain physical conditions in which it is best if salt is eliminated completely from the diet. This does not mean that you will have a salt-free diet; rather that you will have a salt-poor one, because there are so many natural salts in foods that you cannot eat and drink without taking some salt.

Anyone suffering from any diseases of the heart or arteries, high blood-pressure, varicose veins, also women who have a strain on their circulatory system owing to imminent childbirth, should try to lessen their salt consumption to the minimum.

There are, however, certain exterior uses for salt that are extremely beneficial. Everyone should brush teeth and gums once a day with a mixture of three to one parts of salt and bicarbonate of soda.

In the warmer weather, or now if you are of Spartan blood, a quick rub-down with a loofah or rough flannel, wet in hot or cold water and then dipped in salt, is excellent for the body—rinse it off with a cold splash bath.

Then there are the household duties of salt. Soot marks on carpets can be removed by spreading salt over the mark, leaving for a short while, then brushing carefully. If you are white-washing, a handful of salt in the bucket of whitewash makes your job easier. A block of salt soaked in paraffin will make a long-burning, smokeless fire for your grate. Salt blanches rabbit; if you want the flesh to be white as chicken, soak the pieces in a bowl of salt water overnight. Salted water removes grubs from greens, whether in the basin or in the ground.

A quarter of a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of water will keep cut flowers alive longer than standing them in plain water.

Any washing that is likely to run should be quickly rinsed in a solution of salt and water. A handful of salt put on a fire that has set the chimney alight will soon smother the chimney fire, if you shut all the doors and windows of the room first.

Yes, salt is a maid-of-all-work, invaluable in every household—but don't eat too much of it. Its true worth is in its other works.

Weary Women

are concerned. But in winter we run amok.

Other living creatures are sleeping longer—if not all the winter—yet we try to keep up late and rise in the dark. Now that there are only a few months before the nights are noticeably light, why not try to regenerate your energies by catching up on your sleep one night a week? It may be difficult to find the sleeping time, but it will be worth it if you do. Whether you are mother of ten, war worker or servantless housewife, make up your mind to get one early night at least each week.

Take a cold rub-down

Remembering the warning about heavy puddings, look to your diet. It could be suggested that a body-cleansing health diet would definitely release more energies, as it would lessen the body toxins, but few people have the time or desire to start a rigid health diet now, so let us check up on the energy foods.

The energy providers for bodily activity are fats and carbohydrates. Cod- and halibut-liver oils are two of the few, if not the only, sources available from which we can increase our fat intake.

Carbohydrates are easier; they include sugar—don't try to save on your ration these months—and the starches, which offer plenty of room for use or abuse. No heavy puddings, if you can help it.

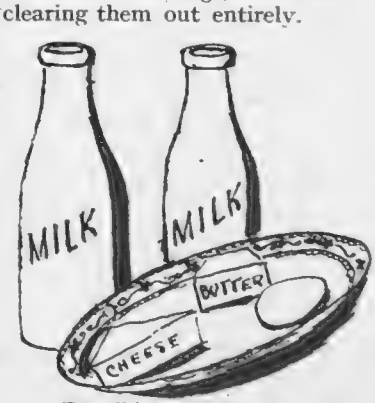
Beware of neglecting to eat all your rations, including the margarine. Your supply of fats is down to bedrock; rations are finely balanced at the health level.

Fresh air, by helping in the toxin-removing process, creates body energy. You may be in an office where draughts make windows stay shut, and less heating keeps all air out, as air is cold in winter. If so, you really must do at least ten minutes' outdoor or by-open-window breathing exercises each day.

It is best to take a brisk, ten-minute walk; not just after a meal when your energies are required for digestion, but when the meal has been digested, or before it is taken. Exercise whips up the circulation, and your circulation is one of the most important toxin-removing processes of your body, the blood bringing the poisons into the lower reaches of the lungs, where the deep breathing helps valuably in clearing them out entirely.

So far it has been mainly warnings, but here is an energy-tonic for the strong of will. Take a cold rub-down with a rough, wet towel after your hot bath. Or make it a special treatment: get a basin of very hot and a basin of very cold water in a good warm room. Then, starting with the hot, following with the cold, and finishing with a dry, rough towel, give yourself three vigorous friction rubs.

This will set you tingling and free your pores of winter poisons.



Eat all your rations

Don't sign your name lightheartedly to anything.

Guide For Grass Widows

WHAT used to be a stage-farcical term is one that you can wear now with pride. Grass widows are an inevitable and honourable feature of life to-day.

The problems of grass-widowhood are too many and too complex to be dealt with fully outside an encyclopædia, but it is worth absorbing a few hints on the main principles of getting along without a man to support and counsel you.

Everything changes for the woman on her own. Social factors change rather more subtly than business ones. As well as business ability, you need tact and courage to keep everything under control. Financial responsibilities are frightening if your money problems have been confined to managing the housekeeping and your own personal allowance, but don't let them panic you.

If you have a budget system, by which I mean a clear statement of all your outgoings and incomings, you cannot get into a muddle. Allot your income carefully for rates, housekeeping, insurance, school fees, and etceteras, and don't be tempted by anything or anyone to depart from your system.

Contracts, policies, and agreements need not be a source of anxiety so long as you understand what they imply. Read over your policies and agreements carefully and get to know exactly what they mean.

If you don't fully understand the terms of any of your agreements get somebody to explain.

New transactions and agreements should be treated with utmost respect, though there is no need to lose your nerve if you have to handle them. Don't in any circumstance plunge into any written agreement without methodically considering the matter first and weighing up your ability, both now and in the future, to meet the liabilities incurred.

A golden rule is not to sign your name hastily or lightheartedly to anything. Be sure you understand what you are signing for, and even then, take advice about it.

In all cases of uncertainty, and when you have no reliable source of advice, go and see a solicitor. His fee may set you back a little, but it is still far cheaper than a mistake.

It is not that the world is peopled with rogues who are out to fleece women left alone. On the other hand, don't be unsuspecting. Just be cautious.

Every district has its Citizen's Advice Bureau. This service is impartial, and directed to just such people as the puzzled wife on her own. If you are in any difficulty about your house tenancy, lease, rates, taxes, or what to do in the case of hardship due to enemy action, they are the people to help.

Income-tax papers have baffled better brains than yours, so you needn't have an inferiority complex about this. If you happen to have a fairly complicated income-tax problem take it to an accountant, who will, for a small annual fee, smooth out all the wrinkles.

This summarises a few of the business issues most likely to harass the wife on her own. Social problems are more complex.

Loneliness and the relaxation of home ties are unbalancing even to level heads, but you can't go far wrong if you stick to the axiom that anything you may do socially which cannot be justified with your own conscience and your neighbour's good opinion is not worth doing. Even though one may feel that public opinion is not always reliable or even fair, it cannot be ignored. For the present, public opinion is the keeper of your good name, and this—whatever impulse and independence may suggest to the contrary—is a thing of inestimable value, which you hold in trust for the man who has paid you the compliment of his good faith.

Don't let financial responsibilities panic you.

Make Yourself These String Slippers

MATERIALS REQUIRED

1 crochet hook, 1 pair of cork soles and another pair of fleece-lined; 2 balls of green glacé string and 1 ball of yellow is sufficient for the tops of 2 pairs; 1 ball of ordinary white string makes soles for two pairs of shoes. The pattern is for a size 5. Coloured stripes are introduced at regular intervals by changing to alternative coloured string.

STRING SOLE

Begin with white string sole, starting with 12 chain: **1st row.**—1 tr. into fourth ch., 1 tr. into each following ch. to end. Turn with 4 ch. to increase. **2nd row.**—1 tr. into first tr., 1 tr. into each tr. to end, 4 ch. to turn. Repeat previous rows, increasing (with 4 ch.) at each end, following outline of sole until it narrows for instep, then decrease 1 at each end by turning without ch. into second tr. Measure work against the sole until width of instep is reached, continue straight to end of heel.

EXTRA HEEL FLAP

Join white string at instep end of heel, making 1 tr. into each tr. Do plain rows of tr. sufficient to cover heel. Sew firmly down to under-sole at two sides and leave heel end open.

TOP OF SLIPPER

Begin at toe with green string, make 12 ch. **1st row.**—1 d.c. into second ch., continue in d.c. to end, 4 ch. to turn. **2nd row.**—1 tr. into first d.c., continue tr. to end, 4 ch. to turn. Continue 5 in. in tr., increasing 1 tr. (with 4 ch.) at each end. Do the last line in d.c. to stiffen. Break off.

FRONT INSTEP LOOP

Pick up 10 st. in centre front. Work straight across these in tr. for 12 rows. Cast off.

BACK OF SHOE

60 ch., turn 1 tr. into fourth ch., repeat into each tr. to end, 2 ch. turn. **2nd row.**—1 tr. into first tr., repeat. (Continued on p. 67.)

Great and Little Saints

THERE is much to be said for a saint who can pause on a river bank to inform her God that "the reason He had so few friends was that He treated them so badly"; one, moreover, who was a "gadabout," according to the Papal Nuncio, and would often spend the recreation hour "dancing to her own tambourine in the cool of the Spanish evening, accompanied by the castanets of her nuns."

Such was St. Teresa of Avila, born 1515. In **"The Eagle and the Dove"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), Miss V. Sackville-West contrasts her with the little St. Thérèse of Lisieux, born 1873, the daughter of an Alencon watchmaker and lacemaker, Carmel novice at 15, died at 23 of tuberculosis, canonised for posthumous miracles in 1925, loved for her "Little Way" to saintliness.

The least I can say of Miss Sackville-West's saints is that she makes them absorbing and lovable even to worldlings and sinners. Her limpid prose is a joy for ever. Would that I might write half as well.

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

PROBABLY the most tense episode in our naval war was the hunting and killing of the "Bismarck" after the loss of the "Hood." One may relive the radio excitement of that chase in Commander E. Keble Chatterton's **"The Royal Navy: January, 1941—March, 1942"** (Hutchinson, 21s.), a period which included also the Balona bombardment, Cape Matapan battle, and loss of "Repulse" and "Prince of Wales" in Java Seas. What has it taught us? The old lesson that it is on the Navy we principally depend; the newer one, that we must protect it with aircraft and carriers so that it may continue to perform its duties. "If a nation is anxious to invite disaster and forfeit her position in the world, she will cease to afford a protecting guarantee to her sea commerce. . . . If Germany had been able to maintain her surface sea-raiders, let loose more warships such as the 'Graf Spee' and 'Bismarck' and keep that peril alive, what would have been the final result?" Concise narrative in this "Britain at War" quarto, is illustrated by 387 photographs and action sketches admirably selected to depict every phase of the sea war.

THE grim share of the Merchant Navy and Allied mercantile marine in that war is recorded in **"Battle of the Oceans"** (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) by Mr. Warren Armstrong, who has himself sailed under the Red Duster and can therefore write with inside knowledge and sympathy. It is a worthy tribute to what Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle defines, in a foreword, as "courage and calmness under fire, perpetual vigilance, cheerful endurance of hard work and discomfort, seamanlike ability, and individual initiative and resourcefulness." The seaman himself, however, is not conscious of these virtues. Asked by the landsman, "Weren't the U-boats, long-range enemy bombers and surface raiders always a source of perpetual danger to you?" he will, the author points out, invariably reply: "They were dangerous enough, *in their way*, but, like the weather, like all the other hazards of shipping, they had to be faced and somehow overcome." Such modesty can only be fully appreciated when one remembers the losses from enemy action: from September 1939 to the end of April 1941, 3,896,342 tons of British merchant shipping, 1,278,292 tons of Allied, 953,139 tons of neutral. Scores of our seamen, he states, shipped—and died—under appalling conditions. *"And the cost of good accommodation could be covered by the value of food lost in heavy weather, being carried from galley to fo'c'sle in the antiquated, verminous freighters in which those men so willingly—so eagerly—went back to serve."*

IT is a rare pleasure to meet Mr. James Agate sailing again with the fictioneers. His **"Responsibility"** (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) —a rewrite of a first novel—gets under way with the speed of the old "Margate Belle" edging off Swan Pier. On page 22 he writes: "It is time for me to be a little more precise." On page 26: "Let me begin at the beginning." By page 70, however, he can say: "I am getting on too fast." And indeed he is, at last—with a right good story of young Ned Marston growing up in the Manchester cotton trade under the wing of a pompous uncle, falling in love with a mill girl, having an illegitimate son whom he does not see until the boy is a man, realising that the slur is on the father, not the child, and striving to make amends. For this poignant confrontation, and the noble letter Ned's father left him at death, I would gladly forgo the brilliant preamble of which Mr. Agate is so proud. The non-Agatian reader will be wise to do so, beginning at page 26, then tackling it as dessert when the tale-proper is done; after which he will, of course, be a confirmed Agatian and not mind.

ANY woman who has known heaven with the man of her heart on a brief, precious war-leave will find echoes in Mr. Gale Wilhelm's **"The Time Between"** (Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d.), for it is the bright, particular story of such a leave enjoyed by a wounded U.S. air hero and his girl Goby in his home town and 'Frisco. The sentiment and heart-ache of their love and reunion are all the better for being drawn with a light, sophisticated touch and the kind of laughter that is haunted by danger and loneliness. "And then her voice was gone and they were holding each other and there was no to-morrow, no past and no present, no time, no place, only the desperate close held consciousness within them of one for the other." Just that . . . (*Continued on page* 52)

The Women at the Top

The Chiefs of the Three Women's Services From a Personal Angle

By Wilma Buckley

We exist to-day in a machine-made, machine-run age; war compels us into a way of life that is itself mechanical in its every aspect. Women, on terms of equality with men, are necessarily regimented as units in the war machine.

It is therefore, a pleasure to consider the three Chiefs of the Women's Services; to realise that here are three personalities, warm and human in every essential, whose sense of humanity, indeed, predominates in their attitude towards all under their care: those civilian women and girls who have now become the feminine auxiliaries of sailors, soldiers and airmen.

Mrs. Laughton Mathews, C.B.E., Director of the WRNS

Mrs. L. V. L. E. Whateley, C.B.E., Chief Controller and Director of the ATS

Air Commandant Lady Welsh, Director of the WAAF

DIRECTOR of the WRNS, Mrs. Laughton Mathews, C.B.E., is not only completely identified in every one's mind with this Service, one feels that she is its literal embodiment, much as the figure-head of a ship might be. This is due partly to her long and successful connection with the WRNS, and partly to something in her own character, some quality that smacks of the sea and seafaring traditions.

Strong of feature, direct of look, Mrs. Laughton Mathews has a smile that lights up her whole face with the most reassuringly kind expression. She conveys a sense of being firm and forceful without any trace of overbearance; sincerity itself, she yet has a flair for saying the right thing at the right moment, for being so genuinely unselfconscious that she makes others feel comfortably welcome and at ease. This human touch is very much in evidence when the Director is on inspections—allied to a positively royal gift for remembering names and facts.

Friendly and approachable, Mrs. Laughton Mathews is interested in every one around her; glad to have a game of ping-pong (a favourite sport of hers) with whoever happens to be available, regardless of rank. It is, in fact, this aptitude for being so completely natural that is one of the most pronounced facets of her character, this and her tolerant sense of humour. The Director not only knows, for instance, that she is the possessor of several unofficial nicknames, she is even amused by them realising that nicknames are a sign of affectionate regard.

Feminine in the best and most balanced sense of the word, Mrs. Laughton Mathews believes in the value of a close family life and has a warmly protective attitude towards the members of her Service. She makes a point of keeping in contact with the heads of the other women's Services; likes to have regular meetings so that they may exchange and develop ideas for the welfare of all in their care. Among the particular considerations shown for the Wrens by their Director are the wise selection and training of officers and a proper respect inculcated into everybody for the well-being and rest of watch-keepers when off duty.

Mrs. Laughton Mathews has a close family association with the Royal Navy. She is the daughter of the late Sir John Laughton, R.N., who founded the Navy Records Society; the sister of the late Lieutenant-Commander J. K. Laughton, R.N., and her daughter is a writer in the WRNS. Mrs. Mathews' two sons are still at school, and, as every one sympathetically knows, her husband died last year.

The Director of the WRNS was chosen, when this Service was founded during the last war, to start the first unit. She achieved in six months the relative rank of a Lieutenant-Commander, while still in her twenties, and received the M.B.E. from King George V for her work. After the war, Miss Vera Laughton, as she then was, was a professional journalist until she married in 1924. She edited the *Journal* of the Old Comrades' Association; organised every year a swimming gala for ex-members of the three women's Services; and was one of the pioneers of the Sea Ranger branch of the Girl Guide movement. She was also well known among women's societies as a committee member and public speaker. (*Continued on page* 64)

On Duty — and Off

THE head waiter had given the lady from New York a table next to the dance floor, and he had done it with a purpose, so that all the other ladies might feast their eyes on the newest of New York's fashion whimsies. There they were, left carelessly on the dinner table—a transparent evening bag and a pair of spangled black velvet mittens. The bag is really a box made of lucite, which appears to be solidified cellophane. The box is carried by a chain of the same lucite which loops over the lid, and there are compartments inside the box for lipstick, compact and cigarette case. A transparent evening bag can, of course, be a horrible give-away. You can see right through it. Any one near by could read the writing on a note left inside, be put off by a crumpled hanky, stray pieces of fluff or tobacco, or by a shabby lipstick case. The black velvet mittens have a lot to be said in their favour. They will protect your hands from the raw night air while you are getting to your destination. They are easy to make. All you need is a scrap of velvet for the back, and a scrap of silk or satin for the palm piece; a few spangled sequins of different sizes and shapes to stick on the back; and, if you wish, a bit of silk for the lining. We might easily have thought of this fashion for ourselves. As it is, the only London fashion whimsy which seems to have caught on is the "cocktail rings," which to my way of thinking are monsters of ugliness—great square hunky red-gold settings punctured with precious stones. The size, shape, and colour show up all that is worst in an ugly hand, and fail to flatter a pretty one. Matching clips and brooches are no better and far more expensive than they should be.

By Jane Gordon

OVER and over again I am asked these off duty questions, and here are some of the answers which you may find useful.

1. Q. Before the war I used this or that skin food, foundation cream, and lipstick. Where can they now be obtained?

A. The best known makes of creams, complexion milks, and lipsticks are now practically impossible to obtain. Many of the lipsticks, some of the powders, most of the tinted powder foundation creams and complexion milks, are not being made at all, and the little stocks that are available are kept exclusively for old customers. There are, however, reliable substitutes which can be used and there is no reason to go without altogether simply because you cannot get the preparation you used before the war.

2. Q. Where can I get perfume, eau de Cologne, lavender water, talc, eye shadow, cream rouge, my favourite brand of soap?

A. There is nothing left of the perfume we knew before the war except an occasional dummy bottle still to be seen in one or two showcases, and if you ask for perfume at any cosmetic counter, the chances are a hundred to one that the saleswoman will say: "No, madam, we have none." Sometimes a tiny little bottle will be produced. The price may be anything from 4s. 6d. to 63s., and the label will bear a strange name. I know one famous perfume shop which is still open, and each morning there are a few tiny bottles for sale, but you have to be there personally, and they are all gone by eleven a.m. They still have some sachets which will keep your undies and linen smelling delicious, and cost a few shillings. I know where you can get lavender water and eau de Cologne for 5s. the half-ounce, florals such as jasmine, rose, and violet, at 8s. 6d. for two drachms and exotics priced 10s. for two drachms. Nice talcum powders are fairly easy to get, and I also know where you can get a little eye shadow, price 3s. 4d., and cream rouge, price 3s. 4d. As for your favourite soap, the chances are that it is no longer being made.

THERE seem to be an awful lot of women who were in their late thirties or nearly forties before the war, but looked several years younger. Now they all complain that they look nearer sixty. There are also girls who started their war work with nice clear complexions but have now developed blackheads and sallow skins. The more common on duty questions and answers go this way.

1. Q. I am in my late thirties, have a particularly fine skin, and recently developed a great tendency to surface veins.

A. This type of skin needs protection and very gentle treatment both internally and externally. Knowing what not to do is every bit as important as knowing what to do for this trouble. All surface veins must be protected from stimulation of any kind, and they will be stimulated by cold, heat or friction. The veins will be made much worse by eating highly seasoned food, too much pepper, mustard or curry, and even by piping hot tea, coffee or soup. Outside stimulation comes from cold winds, hot fires, cold or hot water, rough massage or rough soap and washing water. So it is just as important not to toast yourself near a fire as it is to clean your face with cold cream, followed by a lukewarm water rinse. Wear cream powder foundation, and avoid soap and water washing until the complexion has lost its flaky dryness.

2. Q. Since I have given up wearing stockings except for special occasions I have begun to notice large red patches on the calves of my legs. How can I make them disappear?

A. The fancy medical name for this is Erythrocyanosis crurum, and it became much more common when short skirts and silk stockings first came into fashion. Now this particular type of bluish-red swelling is quite a usual sight. It starts from the heel and spreads up the calf of the leg. There may even be very obvious surface veins. Sometimes the legs will ache. The longer the patches have been there the harder they are to get rid of. Slacks give the best protection. If you cannot wear slacks and want to save your skin, spend a few coupons on lisle or woollen stockings. The treatment is the same as that for chilblains, so take a winter's course of halibut oil or cod-liver oil, and always remember to dry your legs thoroughly after your bath. You may be able to persuade your chemist to make you up a calamine lotion with an oil base. Dab this on night and morning.

3. Q. I am a war worker, and the atmosphere where I work is very bad. My skin is getting steadily worse. No amount of washing or cream seems to prevent blackheads and spots.

A. I know it is very difficult when you work under bad conditions, but the only thing you can do is to get as much fresh air as possible when you are off duty, keep your windows wide open at night, drink a large tumbler of hot or cold water first thing in the morning when you wake up, and as much water between meals as possible. This will help to (*Continued on page 67*)

Women who have escaped from France, and other French nationals from all parts of the world, have come to this country to continue the struggle for freedom. Many have enlisted in the Corps Femina which is the French equivalent of the ATS. The khaki uniform is worn with a forage cap as shown above

When you meet this uniform you are looking at an American Army Nurse. This smart and exceptionally neat uniform is khaki and is worn with the forage cap piped at the edges with a lighter tone of colour, a khaki shirt and tie and brown shoes and stockings. A Red Cross badge worn on the left breast pocket flap denotes the rank of sister

The American counterpart of our own ATS is the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps (WAACS for short). These women hold positions with the American forces throughout the European theatre of war. The dress is khaki with an American eagle cap badge. This is an officer of the Corps

Uniform

In all the streets and towns uniforms are straining the This will explain the identity forms which you may have

Polish women who are serving their country, for the time being under the protection of Britain, are attached to the ATS and wear the English uniform with a shoulder flash bearing their national identity. Training is, however, of a more arduous kind than our own, and includes a very strenuous battle course

Other ranks of the American Women's Army Auxiliary Corps (of which the officer's uniform has been shown in the third picture at the top of the page) have been newly issued with this dashing khaki greatcoat which is worn with a square crowned peaked hat bearing the American Eagle badge

Canadian nurses in their neat navy blue suits and felt hats are a familiar sight in town and country districts of Great Britain, where they have been serving amongst sick and wounded Canadian forces since the early part of the war. This is a nursing sister whose rank is indicated by the pips on the shoulder

French naval authorities have formed a section in which Free French women, who are at present living in exile, do welfare work in connection with their countrymen serving in the Free French Navy. The uniform is navy blue with the Cross of Lorraine worn on the right breast

This is a major in the "Quacks," otherwise a member of the Canadian Women's Army Corps. This uniform differs very little in detail from the British ATS, except in the cap which follows the Foreign Legion pattern and has a flap at the back which can be let down to protect the back hair in wet or windy weather. Officers and other ranks wear this type of hat

One of the most attractive uniforms yet seen in this country is that of the American Red Cross. The various branches of this service have uniforms which differ slightly in detail, but all of them are blue-grey in colour. This girl is a member of the Red Cross Military Welfare Service

Strength

of Great Britain, strange new curiosity of the uninitiated. of some of the women's uni- seen and wondered about

Members of the Corps Femina, of which the woman in the picture on the left-hand page is also a member, are engaged in every kind of service connected with the Free French Army in this country. The working dress of the women transport drivers consists of khaki slacks, a belted tunic and a forage cap

Norwegian women who have made their temporary home in this country are serving under the auspices of the Free Norwegian Navy. Their training, which is carried out under the supervision of Norwegian naval officers, includes physical training, semaphore signalling and small arms drill. Their traditional working dress is shown in the picture above

The various British nursing services have each their own type of dress, and one of the smartest is that which represents Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service. The outfit is pale grey with a smartly cut greatcoat piped with scarlet. The pull-on hat has just been replaced by this more becoming peaked model which will presently be in general use

Cooking

DEVILS ON HORSEBACK (Breakfast or Supper)

Buy ¼ lb. of liver sausage, remove the skin, and mash the meat in a bowl with a teaspoonful of mixed herbs. Roll the mixture into two fat sausages the width of a piece of bacon, wrap a rasher round each and secure tightly with a pointed match stick or small skewer. Fry quickly over a medium flame and eat off a piece of hot margarined toast.

ROMAN BEEF

Cut your week's ration of stewing beef into two equal portions and put half away for another day. Beat the piece to be cooked to make it tender and lard it well. Cut the fat off a rasher of bacon, dust it over with salt, pepper, and a tiny pinch of cinnamon, and lay it on the beef. Stick a clove into the meat, put it into the frying pan, add a small nut of margarine, an onion cut up, and the lean of the rasher, chopped small. Pour over enough stock (vegetable with the addition of 1 meat cube) to cover the meat, and stew gently until tender.

PORRIDGE MASH AND BACON (Breakfast)

3 dessertspoonfuls of medium oatmeal and a teaspoonful of salt go to 1 cupful of water in making porridge. Stir occasionally until all the liquid is absorbed; then turn out into a teaspoonful of boiling fat and brown quickly on both sides in the frying pan. Eat with a rasher of crisply fried bacon.

PROVINCIAL RABBIT

I doubt if any one person can eat a whole rabbit at a sitting, but it is fairly usual to be able to buy part of one cut up, so get enough for your needs, wipe the pieces, flour them over, and fry them in margarine until they are coloured all over. Then transfer them to saucepan, pour over 2 dessertspoonfuls of vinegar, add some chopped parsley, ½ onion, salt, and a cupful of good stock. Cover

Celebration SUPPER

Clear Soup
Victory Tart
Rice Salad
Cheddar Crusts
Coffee Eclairs
Turkish Coffee

Someone comes home on leave, or there is a wedding or birthday to celebrate; whatever the occasion, you want to make a splash. Drink is out, except for beer and cider, so it really depends on the food. There is still plenty of scope there. Your table should be well garnished, spread with the following:

CLEAR SOUP

Fill a large saucepan with 6 pints of cold water; add ¼ lb. of turnips, ½ lb. of potatoes, ½ lb. of carrots, ½ lb. of parsnips, ¼ lb. of leeks, ¼ lb. of celery, and should you have any meat bones in the house put them in too. (Failing these, stir in 4 meat cubes.) Allow the liquid to simmer for 1½ hours, strain, and serve either cold in cups or hot in soup plates with the following addition:—

Mince any meat left-overs, including bacon, so as to fill 4 dessertspoons. Add this to 1 dried egg (not reconstituted), mix 1 dessertspoonful of milk, 2 of breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and drop small balls of the mixture into the boiling soup. When they rise to the surface they are cooked. Don't forget to finally taste your soup for seasoning before serving.

VICTORY TART

Make your pastry in the ordinary way with ½ lb. of lard, ¾ lb. of self-raising flour, 4 to 5 tablespoonfuls of cold water, and a pinch of salt. Line the bottom and sides of one large or two smaller, tart tins, with the pastry and fill with your meat ration, cooked, cut into cubes and mixed with enough brown sauce to make it creamy. Leave in a medium oven for 20 minutes, let cool, garnish with diced, cooked carrots, and pour over the following glaze. Melt 1½ oz. of margarine, stir in 1½ oz. of flour and add 2 cupfuls of strong meat stock, salt and pepper. When boiling add 2½ leaves of gelatine, and let simmer until completely dissolved. Strain, leave to cool, and when on the point of setting pour over the tart or tarts.

RICE SALAD

Pour into 6 pints of vegetable stock, or water (boiling), 4 cupfuls of rice. Stir, and leave cooking for 10 to 15 minutes. Strain, wash the rice in plenty of cold water and mix it in a clean bowl with 2 cupfuls of minced carrots and 1 of salad dressing. Arrange on a dish, and garnish with raw cauliflower flowerettes.

Any dressing will do for this salad, but I suggest 1 part milk to 2 parts salad cream and 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar.

CHEDDAR CRUSTS

Pass through a sieve into a bowl 5 oz. of flour; rub in 3 oz. of margarine. Add 4 oz. of grated cheese, a pinch of salt, and enough milk to make a stiff dough. Work it well with the hands. Roll out the paste as thin as possible, cut into rounds, and bake in a moderate oven from 10 to 20 minutes. Meanwhile, cream 2 oz. of margarine, mix in 4 oz. of grated cheese, and spread the mixture between two of the Cheddar crusts.

COFFEE ECLAIRS

Melt 2 oz. of lard and 2 of margarine in ½ pint of water; add 1 teaspoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt. When the fat is completely melted, remove from the fire and throw in 4 oz. of sieved flour. Replace over the flame for 1 to 2 minutes, stirring with a wooden spoon until free of all lumps. Let cool, and add, one at a time, 4 reconstituted dried eggs. Take dessertspoonfuls of the mixture and place it, in the shape of eclairs, on a baking tin, leaving enough space between each to allow for swelling. Bake in a moderate oven for from 30 to 40 minutes. When quite cool, split along the centre and fill with:

COFFEE CREAM

Add gradually to 4 level tablespoonfuls of custard powder 1 pint of milk (household) flavoured with coffee essence to taste. In another bowl, reconstitute 3 dried eggs, adding 4 oz. of sugar. Strain the milk and custard powder over the eggs, put in a saucepan, and stand it in boiling water. *Stir all the time* until the cream thickens.

For One

the saucepan, and cook on a moderate fire for about ¾ hour. Should the stew get too dry, add a spoonful of stock occasionally.

ONE MAN GRILL

Boil in the minimum amount of water the 2 largest onions you can find, removing them while still quite firm. Next cook ½ cupful of diced carrots and the same quantity of diced celery. While waiting, see what left-overs of meat you have, mix them well together with a little white sauce. Remove the centres from the onions, and fill one with the vegetable, and the other with the meat mixture. Reheat in a thick white sauce, and eat with endive or raw cabbage heart salad.

TOASTED FISH (Breakfast or Supper)

Mix any fish remaining from the evening before with half its quantity of a thick cheese sauce (1 oz. margarine, 1 dessertspoonful flour, ½ cupful milk, and 1 tablespoonful grated cheese). Butter 2 slices of crustless bread, sandwich the fish between, and fry on both sides.

MARINADED BEEF

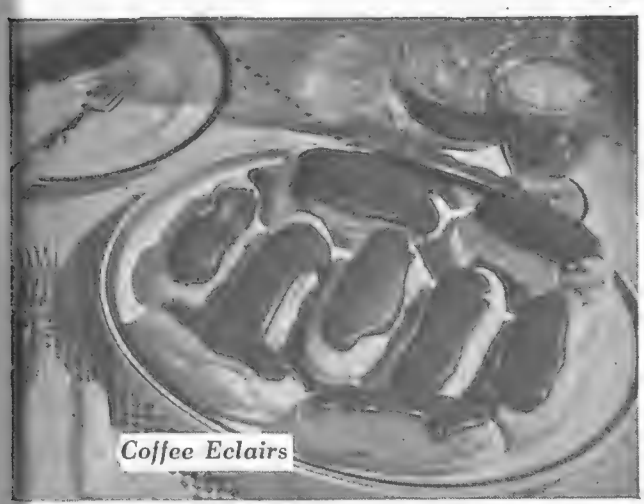
To marinade meat, game or fish, you must leave it in a mixture composed of ½ pint of vegetable stock, ½ glass of vinegar, a pinch of mixed spice and a teaspoonful of herbs, for 24 hours. Sprinkle it well with salt an hour before cooking. Do this then to your remaining piece of stewing beef, and when ready to start the dish, take it out, drain well, sprinkle with flour, and fry it for 10 minutes in a little fat over a medium fire. Then braise it in the saucepan (a cupful of meat-cube water should suffice) till quite tender. Remove, cover with a piece of greaseproof paper, and place under a heavy weight over a sieve. When cold garnish with chopped pickled onions, chopped pickled cucumber and carrot rings marinaded like the beef. Serve cold.

CURRIED RICE

Boil ½ cupful of rice in 1¼ cupfuls of salted water until the liquid has been absorbed. Meanwhile chop finely your remaining rasher of bacon and 3 slices of garlic, or breakfast, sausage. When the rice is ready, cook the bacon, etc., in a cupful of meat stock (cubes) to which has been added curry powder to taste (a heaped dessertspoonful is about usual) and a tablespoonful of raisins. Thicken with a paste—margarine and flour—add the rice, and mix well together.

One Man Grill

Devils on Horseback



Coffee Eclairs

TURKISH COFFEE

The coffee used for this brew is the same as breakfast coffee, but much more finely ground. It is impossible, as far as I know, to get it in tins, and when you buy it you must ask for "Turkish Coffee," for you can't make it unless it is properly powdered. Get it fresh, too, as often as you can.

Pour into a saucepan 9 coffee cupfuls of cold water, 9 *heaped* teaspoonfuls of coffee and 9 level teaspoonfuls of sugar. Bring to the boil; remove from fire, stir well, and repeat twice more, but without stirring. Add 1 teaspoonful of cold water, after finally removing from the fire, put a little of the foam from the surface of the coffee into each cup, and the pour the coffee, taking care to hold back the grounds in the bottom of the saucepan. (Quantities for eight people.)

SANDWICH *Fillings*

1. Minced salted herring and finely sliced pickled cucumber.
2. Scrambled egg (dried) mixed with an equal part of chopped sardines.
3. Raw onion slices and crisp bacon.
4. Creamed cheese. Three parts of grated cheese to one of margarine.
5. Sandwich rolls. Thin slices of fresh bread spread with a sweet filling of peanut butter and chopped raisins.
6. Tier sandwich. Thin slices of toast (four) spread with margarine and layered with one slice of onion, one of pickled cucumber and shelled shrimps.
7. Chopped raw cabbage and sliced garlic sausage.
8. Minced raisins and celery moistened with a little salad cream.
9. Bacon rind, crisp to breaking point, with endive.
10. Slices of breakfast sausage spread with horseradish sauce.

Success of Nursery School System is Soundest Argument in Favour of Sending Children

Early To School

BEFORE the war the nursery school was growing very nicely as an institution, although there were still many parents who preferred to keep their children at home until the compulsory school age of five.

With the advent of the war, and the conditions which have made it essential for so many mothers to find a daily occupation for their children while they themselves work, the system has proved itself conclusively to be excellent both from the point of view of the children and their mothers.

For a busy mother, the respite which a few hours of school allows each day is well worth having. From the child's point of view, life takes on a new interest at a time when boredom is dangerously apt to develop habits which are not likely to increase his popularity.

Most mothers find it a problem to amuse a child at home from three to five years old, particularly the lonely child with no playmates.

Alone with mother, the child from three to five is certain, even under the best conditions, to become self-centred, bored with his own company and the lack of organised occupation.

Any one who is familiar with a Government day nursery or a nursery school run on scientific lines by people trained in the management of tiny children will agree that no child, except in the most exceptional circumstances, could be more happily employed.

The discipline which nursery school life imposes is no hardship. On the contrary, it paves the way for a much easier time when the routine of ordinary school days begins.

Every morning opens with something to look forward to. The pictures on this page, taken in a modern nursery school, give an idea of the occupations which help to pass the time agreeably for toddlers (see picture No. 1 above). In itself, the break away from home, the familiar toys and the company of the same adults, is helpful.

One of the more helpful features of the nursery school routine is that which teaches the little ones to be self-reliant. The little girls in the picture (2) at the top of the page are learning to wash themselves. They are encouraged by daily routine to keep their toys and personal effects in careful order. Sleep in the afternoon (4) becomes a matter of routine to the four-year-old who kicks violently about rest at home.

Drawing on a blackboard (3) and building with bricks (1) is fun when the competitive element enters into the game and more especially so when there is a grown-up at hand to help and encourage so that what is mere pastime at home becomes instructive and satisfying at school.

Playing alone in the garden at home can become tedious for any child, but playing out of doors in a nursery school (5) is quite another matter, when organisation and constant supervision are planned so that whether playing out of doors or learning to amuse themselves quietly and happily in the house (6) the children have companionship to help routine along.

However skilful and conscientious a mother may be in the toddler's days, there are strict limitations to the time and attention she can give. The resources of the nursery school are inevitably greater than those of the home. Moreover, they are scientifically designed to give that stimulus to development which is so helpful in later years. School for a few hours each day need not interfere, in any sense, with the mother's influence, but it can supplement it in a most pleasant and helpful way.

Louisa Kay

IN FIJI ONE DRINKS KAVA . . .*

. . . WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

A Fijian friend tells us that Kava is distilled from the rather stringy leaves and tough roots of the Pepper Plant, and the flavour is raw and a bit chancy. We are not quite reduced to that for though Schweppes is unobtainable for the duration, the wartime standard soft drinks are palatable deputies for the real thing.

Remember your Wright's

(the elephant never forgets)

Wright's

Coal Tar Soap

For over three-quarters of a century Wright's Coal Tar Soap has remained the favourite soap for family use and in nurseries and schools.

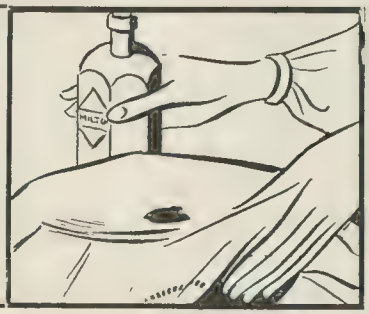
Today its cleansing and protective properties are also specially appreciated by members of the forces on service at home or abroad.

Test Your Capabilities

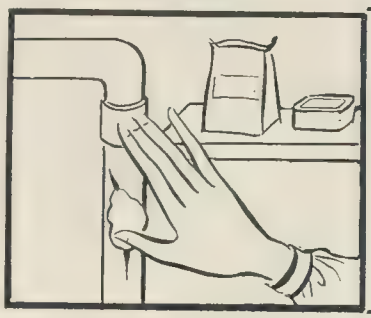
Answers to the Questions on page 33

1. Make a strong solution of salt and water and soak the sponge in it overnight. Next day rinse thoroughly in hot water and hang in the open to dry. If the sponge is badly discoloured, add a little powdered alum to the rinsing water.

2. Lay the stained part over a small bowl and pour a little Milton over it. Let it soak in the solution until the stain fades. Remove and wash thoroughly in several lots of cold water.



3. Symptoms of a temperature are restlessness, a clammy skin, and bright eyes. In a child, these symptoms will probably be accompanied by irritability and a tendency to cry at nothing.

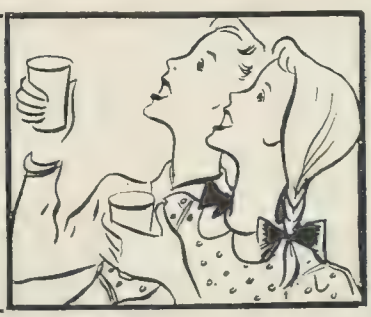


4. Turn the water off at the main. Make a thick paste of soap and whitening, mixed together by soaking a little soap in hot water to soften it, and kneading it together with the powder. Stick the mixture over the cracked pipe to prevent dripping.

5. A bad burn or scorch should be treated immediately with a solution of bicarbonate of soda and tepid water; volume one dessertspoonful to a pint. Drip the solution on to the burn from a piece of cotton wool. Keep the patient quiet and warm, with a hot water bottle at the feet, and give warm weak tea to drink until the doctor comes.

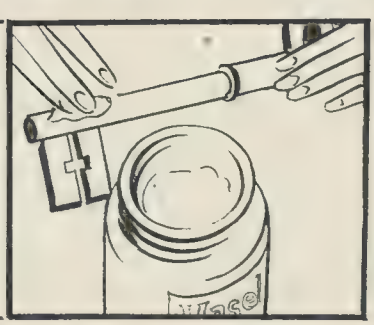
6. Buy some ordinary whitewash and a yellow dye. If you buy the sort of whitewash which is prepared ready for use, first dissolve the yellow dye with a little hot water and stir into the tin until it has thoroughly blended. You can vary the tone by using more or less dye.

7. Use a good antiseptic gargle three times a day. Drink cold water copiously. Take plenty of outdoor exercise. Avoid stuffy, over-heated atmospheres and crowded places of entertainment and *don't worry*.



8. Remove the blind from its brackets. Roll it up by hand, and replace it in the brackets. Pull it down to its full length. Take it out of the brackets again, roll up again and replace in the brackets. This will recharge the spring, unless it is actually broken.

9. Take some ordinary vaseline and rub it over the key. Insert it in the lock and turn it about several times. After a short time the grease will penetrate the parts and ease the turning of the lock.



10. Cut up the tainted butter into small pieces and put them into a dish of fresh milk sufficient to cover them. Leave the butter to soak in the milk for an hour before draining off the milk. Now wash the butter in several lots of cold salt water and knead together again.

11. Cut a piece of net from an old curtain roughly the same size and shape as the worn part in the cloth. Tack it down all round, and then darn neatly over the net and the hole. This makes a much stronger repair.

12. When the bell is pushed, this completes the electrical circuit, and the bell rings. When the bell-push is released the circuit is broken and the bell stops. If the bell continues ringing, the contacts are probably stuck. Dismantle the bell-push. Disconnect either one of the wires inside and the ringing will stop. Clean and dry all parts, and connect again.

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Books: *(Continued from page 41)*

DO you like "truly rural" stories—gossip at the Rectory about the Hall, and in the village about both, and so on? The prattling of old Mrs. Pogson when the Squire remarries: "Menfolk, be they who they may, can't wriggle along wi'out *us*, a comfortin' thought. Squire might ha' waited till stone was up on his first's grave. No doubt the pore genelman needs a nurse more'n a wife." That is the background of Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell's "The Wheel Stood Still" (Cassell, 9s. 6d.), which tells of a local G.P. who does medical research, cares for the poor and their kiddies, stumbles on a squirearchal scandal, a mysterious death calling for detection, and finds love in a woman concerned with it.

IN Miss Winifred Carter's "Sarah" (Selwyn & Blount, 8s. 6d.), a bionovel about the lovely, romantic Duchess of Marlborough, there is historical escape—to the intriguing days of Queen Anne, her friendship with Sarah, and its rupture under the Court scheming of Abigail Hill. Miss Carter makes of her life a fascinating pageant, culminating in a picture of the wilful, forthright Sarah speaking her mind to all and sundry. On her death-bed she ordered her weary women of the bedchamber to remain standing, saying: "You must promise me, every one of you, that none shall sit down in my presence until it is certain I am dead." When her spend-thrift grandson Charles remarked: "The cedar you planted in the centre of the grounds is doing well," she snapped: "It's a pity the same can't be said of you!" and when he married secretly with his sister Mary's connivance Sarah daubed her portrait with lamp-black, wrote on it "She is much blacker within," and displayed it where callers would see it!

ANOTHER escape—to pioneering U.S. days—is Mr. John Upton Terrell's "Plume Rouge" (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.), a vivid tale of Benton McKenzie's 4,000-miles expedition from St. Louis to the Columbia River. Canadian rivals got there first; all the hazards against Indians and grizzlies seemed to have been in vain; but with the pathfinder girl Alenn at his side he could say: "We lost, but not everything... . . You and I won." A colourful, adventurous story.

Civilised pre-war life, shading through the Spanish Civil War to the dark days of raids and rationing, is the theme of Miss Ethel Mannin's "No More Mimosa" and Other Stories (Jarrolds, 8s. 6d.), a collection which should please readers of wide and varied taste. Her writing is sure; she has a finger not merely on the pulse of the times, but the heart. "Magnolia in Full Bloom," the story of a prima donna who consented to make a film about her *real* life, deserves a *real* film.

Unique in the simplicity and quiet irony of Mr. Manuel Komroff's style is another collection of eighteen stories, "All In Our Day" (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.). These, too, bridge war and peace, and cover many lands. "To-morrow! To-morrow!" shows the humiliation of a prisoner in a German camp who is duped into thinking he is to be released; "Story Without Words" the tragic fate of a student who is taken out of a Vienna café for a "Nazi ride" on the pretext that he "talked." Whatever the theme, no word is wasted, nothing is underlined. Mr. Komroff merits the honour he has won in America, if one may judge by this selection, which he regards as his best.

HERE is a list of other books which will well repay the attention of readers:—

"Never To Me," by Alexander Dick (Hurst and Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A novel of two sisters and what happened to them from the Anschluss to Munich.

"Westbound Tanks," by A. Polyakov (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.). The author was one of the brilliant first-line correspondents of *Red Star*, and the book gives an account of the adventures of five Russian tanks from factory to battle.

"View From a Window," by F. Ruth Howard (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.). A novel with the setting in a beautiful and romantic valley in the Mexican border country of Southern California.

"Down the Wide Stream," by John Paddy Carstairs (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A novel of the Templestone family.

"Dear To This Heart," by Doris Kent Le Blanc (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.). A story of a Chester family.

"Sons of the Vikings," by R. B. Nyquist (Hutchinson, 5s.). About the Norwegian resistance and achievement.

"The House of Jeffreys," by Russell Thorndike (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.). A tale of mysterious horror and imagination.

"The Least of These," by Celia Dale (Hurst & Blackett, 9s.). A novel by a Londoner about Londoners. What happened to them in total war.

"Needlework and Dressmaking," by Anna L. Hird (Anglo-Scottish Press, Ltd., 10s.). An enlarged and revised Third Edition to help the Home Dressmaker.

"Creed or Common Sense," by Charles Jeffries (Faber & Faber, 5s.). An answer to the question: "What Does the Church of England Require Its Members To Believe?"

END

Old Tales Retold *(Continued from page 24)*

moment when the scalping knife performed its gruesome task, after which a spear put the unfortunate man out of his agony.

The screaming wife was struck by the haft of a tomahawk and collapsed unconscious.

Then followed a scene of wild destruction and pillage; flaming torches were thrown into the trading cabin and everything inside it went up in the holocaust. Then the savages danced round the scene of their orgy until they were exhausted; then gradually drifted away. But the drama was not yet over.

One of the squaws, who had been fascinated by the beauty of the white woman, made her way through the charred walls of the cabin and found her, still alive. She carried her to her own wigwam, bandaged her wounds and gradually nursed her back to health, but not to sanity.

When the woman grew stronger and could walk, she disappeared. The squaw found her again, on the bank of the river. She was docile and gentle in the squaw's hands, but if a warrior appeared, she became hysterical until he had gone. For many months the kindly squaw brought her food and clothing and tried to make her return to the village. She knew she would be safe, for the Indians have an almost fanatical veneration for the insane. Nevertheless she refused. One day a warrior hunting in the vicinity accidentally stumbled upon her hiding place. At the sight of him the poor woman took fright and ran to hide behind some bushes. The warrior, not knowing who she was, followed; but she eluded him. He chased her from bush to bush, thinking she was lost and only wanted to guide her back to the village. His insistence increased the fugitive's terror.

She headed for the mountains, and now what had been only a desire to hide on her part, became a wild chase. Panic-stricken, she fled into unknown territory where the rocks and crevices afforded better protection. Pursuer and pursued, they went farther and farther until at last the hunter lost track of her and had to relinquish the chase.

Every search afterwards proved futile. The beautiful white woman with the golden hair had vanished into thin air for ever. The only thing she left behind her was the name given to the little river on whose banks she had spent the last few months of her life—"Crazy-Woman's Fork."

END

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The Message

(*Continued from page 12*)

The blood whipped to her cheeks. "Are you calling my father a traitor?"

He shrugged. "Shall we say a wise man instead? Be reasonable, mademoiselle. I am only considering his best interests. His own wishes, as he tells you."

She put the letter in her red bag and half rose, her grey eyes scornful. "His interests could never be yours," she said. "And he has told me nothing."

"Don't be a fool, my dear." His voice was harsh. "It would be a pity if anything happened to him. Or to your mother. She has been quite ill."

"Maman! . . . ill!" Claire sat down.

"You will listen to me," van Maer said.

Then, glancing across the room, Claire's heart gave a sudden bound. Ray Shaw had come in. He went to the far end of the bar, slid on to a stool. He didn't look at her. She felt lonelier and more lost than ever. No one could help her.

"What do you want?" she asked van Maer.

"It's not what I want," he corrected her. "I will show you how friendly we are. You were allowed to escape from Paris to London. We know when your father completed certain experiments with amazing success. He has discovered a combination of metals vital to war and peace industries. It was necessary for the sake of his country that he deal with us."

"For the sake of our country!" she cried bitterly. "Could it be any worse off?" She raised her voice, hoping Ray Shaw would hear.

Van Maer sipped his cocktail. "That," he observed, "is a matter of judgment. Unfortunately, we were too late to prevent him from smuggling the final result to London." He paused, smiling. "We thought you'd dispose of it there. We should have stopped you, of course."

"You could have tried," she said, and looked again at Ray Shaw. He was leaning against the bar, his red head turned away.

The radio was playing Ravel's *Bolero*. Its measured beat filled her with nostalgia.

Ray Shaw got up and snapped off the radio. He went back to his stool. It was almost as if he told her to cut out whatever she was thinking. He didn't need to look at her or she at him.

"Your American friends were very clever," van Maer was saying. "You got away. But you made one mistake."

He crunched a potato chip. "You didn't hear from your father those last weeks in London?" he pursued. "Didn't it occur to you there might be a reason?"

"I wasn't expecting anything."

"You asked me a minute ago what I wanted." Suddenly van Maer was ugly. "You're not to go to Washington. Your father sent you notes and drawings. I think you have them in that red suède bag, the way you're handling it. He wants them back."

She bent over the table, her eyes blazing. "That is a lie."

He flushed. "Give them to me."

"I think not." She threw back her head. Without moving her eyes from van Maer, she felt Ray Shaw's stare like an electric current.

"You *have* no proof," she said. "My father wrote that letter to warn me. To put me on guard against his enemies here. You thought I'd be so worried about him and my mother that I'd give you anything you asked for. But he says in the letter my mother's with him. He doesn't say she's sick. Courage, he says. He means courage to let you threaten. You—a friend!"

His smile stopped her.

"You remember the gold cross your mother kept beside her bed?" he said. "It's been in the de Royan family a very long time. At the base of the cross is the same coat of arms that's on the letter. A heart between two hands. There's a relic in the heart. Would that be proof enough?"

"They'd never let it go."

"But they did," he announced smugly. "I have it in my room, right in this hotel. Wait here and I'll get it for you."

The fire burned out of her white face. Only in direst extremity would they part with that cross.

"I'll wait," she said.

Van Maer got up with alacrity. "I wouldn't advise you to mention your private affairs to the young man you were with earlier this afternoon," he said. "Your father's life is valuable to the entire world, and I'm sure your mother needs him." He swaggered away.

She sat on, staring at the cocktail she had scarcely touched. She was numb, beyond feeling, her love and pride in dust. That's the way they worked. On the hearts and souls of people. Crushing them as they had crushed her wonderful father.

"What was that man saying to you?"

She hadn't noticed Ray come up. He stood over her, his face hard and hostile.

"Had you arranged to meet him here this afternoon?"

"I don't know what you mean." She brushed the red bag with her finger-tips.

"Let me ask you one more question. Do you know what you're doing?"

"You have no right . . ." she began, angry and startled, too.

"Never mind that. I'd hate to see you in real trouble," he said. "Somebody would get hurt."

She forced herself to smile with stiff lips. "You're silly. Mr. van Maer knows my father."

"That makes it real cosy," he drawled.

"I thought for a moment this afternoon that you and I had something," he said. "I guess I was wrong. I don't understand you."

"There's nothing to understand," she said coldly. If she laid her cheek on his arm and closed her eyes, would she feel comforted?

He gave her no chance. "So we don't click any more. But I'll give you a tip. You want to be careful who you play around with in this town," he said; and abruptly walked back to the bar.

Van Maer hurried in. Claire watched him with loathing as he came towards her. Then suddenly she knew she couldn't do it. She couldn't hand him the envelope with her father's notes that she actually did have in her bag. She was going to kill van Maer. She would kill him when she had the cross.

"You didn't talk to that FBI man? He's sitting over there." Van Maer gave her a suspicious look.

"Did you say FBI?" Why hadn't she guessed it! She felt a wild desire to laugh. Shaw was watching her, suspecting her of being Vichy French.

"The fellow's a nuisance." Van Maer sat down. "Well, here it is."

The gold-mounted cross lay in his broad palm. At its round base, in relief and wrought in gold, were two hands supporting a crystal heart that enclosed the relic.

Claire took it in her cupped hand, lowered it to the lap of her skirt and closed her eyes.

Gently, she touched the tiny scroll on which were graven the words: *Foi en Moi*. Those words, embroidered on old silk banners, had hung in ancestral halls, had waved in battle. Faith in Me: in God, country, home.

She looked down at it and up.

Suddenly she raised her glass with the cocktail she had hardly tasted. Raised it and smiled in dazzling radiance at the young man still hunched at the bar. Raised it with a beckoning movement and drained the glass to its last golden drop.

Ray Shaw leaped to his feet; started towards her.

"You lied to me, Herr van Maer," she said. "My father and mother are dead." The cross flashed in her hand over the edge of the table. "Look."

The coat of arms had swung back on a minute hinge. In the gold base was an empty cavity.

"There were two capsules in it," she said. "Two deaths with honour. I was going to use them in the drinks you and I would have had. My father and mother used them instead. He fooled you all."

The big man stumbled up from the table.

"This," said Ray Shaw, hitting him on the jaw with his left, "is a pleasure."

END

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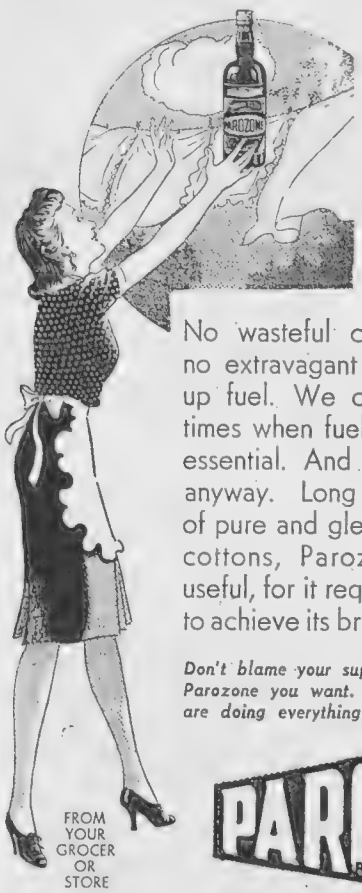

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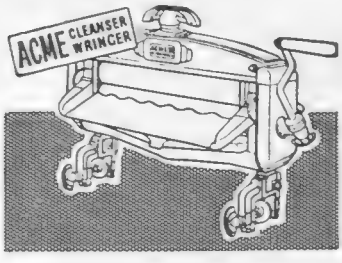

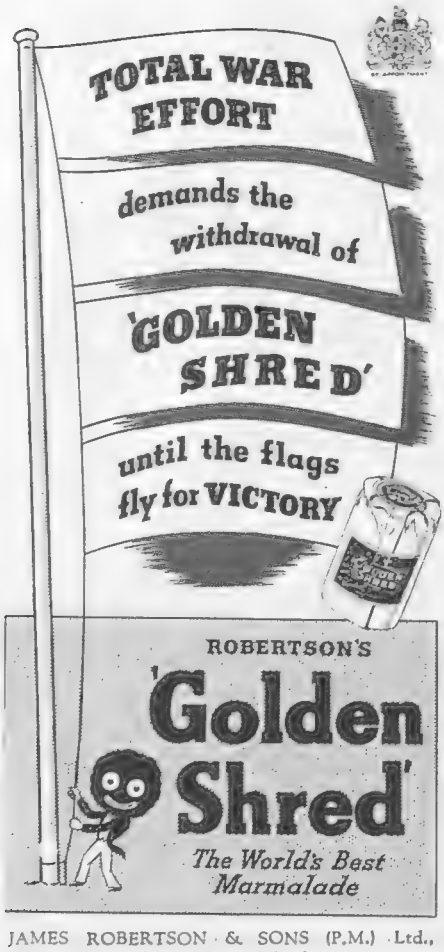

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A Letter For Jennifer

(Continued from page 28)

he might have said to both of them in the next few days. True things. He could have said to Rip: "Take it easy, old boy; she's not like most of the girls we've known; she's sensitive and fine; she's fragile; she'll break easily." And he could have said to Jennifer: "He's a great guy, Jennifer, but constancy isn't one of his virtues. He may really think he's in love with you now, but . . ."

For a while it looked as if he were wrong. Rip abandoned some of his devil-may-care attitude; he became quieter, more serious than Jonathan had ever seen him. His work improved. He had the makings of a great flier, and he lived up to that promise.

The night before they graduated he came back from seeing Jennifer and did not even speak until the lights were out and they lay there staring into the darkness. Then: "What'll I do, Tiny? She says she'll marry me—whenever I say——"

"I can't advise you, Rip. Nobody can."

"It's a tough war for fliers. Some of us won't come back."

"That's right."

"If I marry her and don't come back, it'll be all the harder for her to forget."

"I suppose so."

"She'll wait for me. I know that."

"I know it too."

"Dammit, Tiny, I want her so!"

"I know."

"But is it fair—is it fair to her, I mean?"

"What does she say?"

"That she'll do whatever I want, *anything* I want. I don't know why——"

"She loves you, that's why."

Pause, then: "I think I'll play it the tough way, Tiny."

"Wait, you mean?"

"Yeah, it won't be for ever. Five or six months, probably."

"I hope you're right."

"She'll wait for me," Rip said. "I'm sure of it."

"Will you wait for her?"

Another pause, as if the thought had never even occurred to Rip. "Why, of course," he said finally.

THAT was in September. Two months of additional training with a newly-formed group at a base three hundred miles away; two months during which Rip managed to see Jennifer only occasionally. She did not question his decision to postpone their marriage, and he stuck to it, impelled by some inner certainty. "I don't know why, exactly," he confided to Jonathan. "It's just a feeling I have."

So the days fell away like the autumn leaves until the inevitable night when the group learned that on the following day it would be moving—east. Rip phoned Jennifer, and she came by rail, arriving only an hour before the take-off. She stood on the airfield beside the huge, slab-sided plane, looking very small and very lonely. But they were determined to be gay.

"Look, my love," Rip said, pointing to the nose of the Liberator. "We've named the old girl after you."

Jennifer smiled a little. "That's the first time I ever liked my nickname," she said.

The last minutes ticked away. She kissed them both good-bye. She said to Jonny: "Take care of yourself—and of him." To Rip she said only: "My love be with you, darling."

She watched the take-off, her clothes flattened against her body, her hair streaming in the mighty blast of the engines. She waved once and kept standing there until the Liberator was a black mote against the eastern sky. And if she cried, there was no one to see it.

In the cockpit of "Jenny the Wren" Rip looked across at his co-pilot with a curious, tight smile. "Well, Tiny," he said, "that's that." He took from his pocket a small picture of Jennifer and propped it above the instrument panel. "Rehearsals are over now. The real show is coming up."

Actually, looking back on it now, it seemed to Jonathan that that day marked the end, not the beginning, of reality. Time began to blur; things happened too quickly. The forty-eight hours leave in which to say good-bye was not real; neither was the steel grey mirror of the North Atlantic fifteen thousand feet below them. And when the wheels of the Liberator touched the concrete runway of her permanent station in Britain, the flashing kaleidoscope of impressions speeded up still more.

The bleak, windswept aerodrome, with its Nissen huts sunk in drab obscurity into the sodden turf. The short freezing twilights and the grey dawns. The rain and the mist, and the endless, maddening mud. The kindness of the British and the strangeness of their money and the mystery of their telephone-booths. The practice flights where mistakes were made and kinks developed that had to be patiently ironed out. The endless talk around the iron stoves in the officers' mess: "Wonder when we get going? Wonder what our first target will be?"

Nobody ever forgets his first mission. The briefing at dawn with the intelligence officers falsely calm. The short pause while the chaplain says a prayer—good men, those padres, simple and sincere. The grim moment while the engines are warming up and you're not airborne yet, and your stomach shrivels into a knot and you more than half wish the mission would be scrubbed.

Then the take-off into the brilliant sunlight; the rendezvous nearly four miles in the freezing air—air too thin to support human life but not too thin to bear the weight of a bomber. The first German fighters, skilful and incredibly brave, hurling their Focke Wulfs into the massed fire of the Liberator formation. The first time your gunners shoot one of them into smoky splinters—and the first time one of your own formation blossoms into a terrible flower of flame and plunges to its doom.

These first impressions struck with such violent impact that nothing was left for Jonathan but a feeling of incredibility, a refusal to believe that such things were actually real. But they were real. There was the second mission, and the third and the fourth and the fifth. And Jenny the Wren began to be famous, and the row of swastikas stencilled under her name lengthened—each one representing a German fighter destroyed. And the row of miniature bombs—one for each mission—grew longer. She was holed by flak and cannon fire, and patched and re-patched. And the crew miraculously remained untouched, and they knew damn well it couldn't last.

THE R.A.F. liaison officer at the station was Squadron-Leader Ian Ramsell, tall, quiet, fair-haired, with the diagonal purple stripes of the D.F.C. under his R.A.F. wings. He had finished his second operational tour of duty and was grounded for the customary six months.

He and Rip were instantly attracted to each other. Rip called him "Frenchie," and spent hours pumping beer into him and valuable flying information—"gen," Ian called it—out of him. As for Ian, he never tired of proclaiming that he took a dim view of all Americans and that Rip was a particularly bad type. But this did not prevent him from asking Rip and Jonathan to his home in Dorset for week-ends, and that was how they met Camilla.

Camilla. She was Ian's sister, and like him tall and fair, with the sort of English beauty that you read about but almost never see. Her husband had been lost a year before, flying for Coastal Command, and when they first met her there was a blankness in her wide grey eyes, an apathy in her voice that Ian had warned them to expect. "It's as if she were frozen," he said. "Nothing seems to matter to her. I suppose she'll get over it eventually, but while it lasts it's a damned poor show."

Rip was no one to accept such a state of affairs. He was not accustomed to indifference from women. *(Continued on page 58)*

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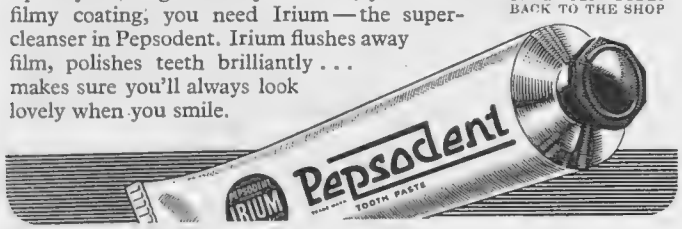

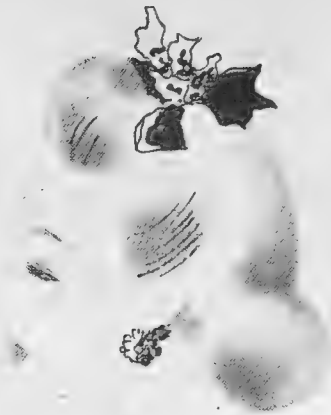

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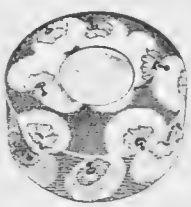

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In Camilla's aloofness he sensed a challenge to himself. "We can't have this," he said to Ian. "She's too young to be gloomy. I'd like to take on the assignment of cheering her up, if it's O.K. by you."

Ian gave him a long deliberate British stare. "It's O.K.," he said finally. "Get cracking, Rip."

That began it. At first Jonathan found it fascinating to watch the girl come alive under the spell of Rip's attention and gaiety and flattery. He liked Camilla; he approved of Rip's efforts. But when the two of them began to meet in London as often as Rip could get leave, Jonathan became first dubious, then worried. And one rainy morning when flying was out of the question and Rip was leaving for the city, he brought out the question.

"Aren't you overdoing this charity work a bit?" he said.

Rip looked up from buckling his canvas field bag and there was something close to anger in his eyes. "What are you thinking of?" he demanded.

"I'm thinking of Jennifer, of course," Jonathan said.

"That's my worry, isn't it?"

"Not entirely."

Rip ran one hand a little wildly through his black hair. "I know it, Tiny," he said. "I know damn well I should stop seeing Camilla. Now—while I still can. But somehow—oh, hell, we may all be dead to-morrow. Besides, Jennifer doesn't seem to need me the way Camilla does. . . ."

"Look, Rip," Jonathan said. "I've got a stake in this affair myself. So make up your mind, will you? To-day. Either say good-bye to Camilla for good, or——"

"Or what?"

"Or write to Jennifer and tell her it's all off. Tell her you've got another girl."

Rip smiled a little grimly. "You're right," he said. "You always are. I guess I've been trying to have my cake and eat my rock candy, too."

"Then you'll say good-bye to Camilla?"

"Is that what you hope I'll do?"

"I want Jennifer to be happy," Jonathan said. "I think that answers your question."

Rip picked up his field bag, slung it over his shoulder. He opened the door slowly. He was no longer smiling. "I'll tell you when I get back," he said.

"Don't be late," Jonathan said evenly. "If the weather improves, we'll probably be alerted to-night."

"Don't worry, Tiny," Rip said. "I'll be back."

He did come back. He came back on the train that arrived at five-thirty. At six-forty the station was alerted.

At supper in the officers' mess Jonathan felt the slow, familiar tension building up inside, the tension that always tormented him before a mission.

Afterwards, in the lounge, Rip told amusing stories about his day in London until Major Rogers, squadron operations officer, broke it up. "Get to bed, you guys," he said. "You'll be called at four-thirty and you'll need your sleep. I want every light out in twenty minutes. That's an order."

Back in their narrow room Jonathan faced Rip. It was the first time they had been alone together since Rip's return.

"Well?" Jonathan said.

Rip did not answer. He walked over to the table, twisted a V blank into the typewriter, hesitated, then began to type slowly. "You can read over my shoulder if you like," he said.

Jonathan moved over and stood behind him. The letter was addressed to Jennifer. It began, as Rip's letters always did, with a flip salutation :—

Hi, beautiful :

There's something on my mind that I want to tell you, and I'd better get it off my chest to-night, on account of it looks as if we'll be pretty busy to-morrow. Tiny and I are supposed to be in bed right now, so this will have to be short . . .

The typewriter hesitated briefly, then started a new paragraph and clattered on :—

Lately I've been seeing a good deal of a girl named Camilla Henshaw. Her husband was killed flying for the R.A.F. about a year ago, so I took it upon myself to cheer her up. She was pretty unhappy, you see.

She's quite a girl, really. She has beauty and brains and something more important—courage. You can't maintain a casual relationship with a girl like that. At least, I can't. I knew the time was coming when I'd have to tell her about you, or you about her.

So to-day . . .

A Letter For Jennifer

The knock at the door startled them both. Jonathan opened it, and there was Major Rogers, and he was angry. "Thought I told you guys to go to bed," he snapped. "What do you think I give orders for—fun?"

"Sorry, Major," Rip said. "This is an important letter. We're going to hit the hay any minute."

"Not any minute," said the Major. "This minute!" He stretched out his hand and switched out the light. "You can finish your blasted letter to-morrow. Right now you're fighting a war. Undress in the dark, and make it snappy." And he closed the door with a bang.

"Wow!" said Rip, "our Major is a bit touchy to-night."

They undressed in silence, crawled between the coarse sheets. Finally Jonathan said: "That letter's going to hit Jennifer pretty hard, I'm afraid."

Rip turned restlessly in the darkness. "It was your idea," he said. "If you decide it was a bad one, let me know."

Jonathan said nothing. Five minutes passed. Ten. Then: "Look, Rip, you wouldn't be doing a thing like this just to clear the way for me, would you?"

There was no reply—only the deep, even breathing of a man who has gone to sleep.

NOW, standing in the same small room twenty hours later, Lt. Jonathan Blake walked stiffly over to the table, leaned over the typewriter, read the half-finished letter to Jennifer. He sat down, and the chair creaked with his weight. His fingers were stiff, and he wrote slowly, painstakingly: "So to-day I told her about you. I told her there was a girl back in Texas . . ."

The typing stopped as the door opened and the chaplain came in.

"Hi, Jonny," he said. "Going over to supper?"

"I don't think so, thanks," Jonathan said. "I had coffee and sandwiches at the interrogation. Not very hungry, really."

The chaplain moved over and sat down on one of the beds. He spread his fine hands and looked at them thoughtfully. "How'd it happen, Jonny? Want to talk about it?"

"Sure," said Jonathan wearily, "why not? We'd made our bombing run and were heading for home. The flak was no worse than usual, but the fighters were tough. You've got to hand it to those guys, really. They were attacking from in front to-day, usually in pairs—FW's mostly. Well, a pair came in at about eleven o'clock, a little below us. Rip dropped the nose of our ship to give the top turret gunner a crack at 'em, and we really poured it on. Nose guns, top turret, everything. We shot the first one to ribbons. But the second one . . ."

"Well?" said the chaplain after a while.

"He hit us, that's all. He put a cannon shell in the cockpit and another in the top turret. He knocked out the number three engine and shot away the trim tabs on that side. The one in the cockpit stunned me for a minute—that's all. But Rip—Rip never knew what hit him. It—it was like turning out a light." He looked at the chaplain. "A bright light," he said.

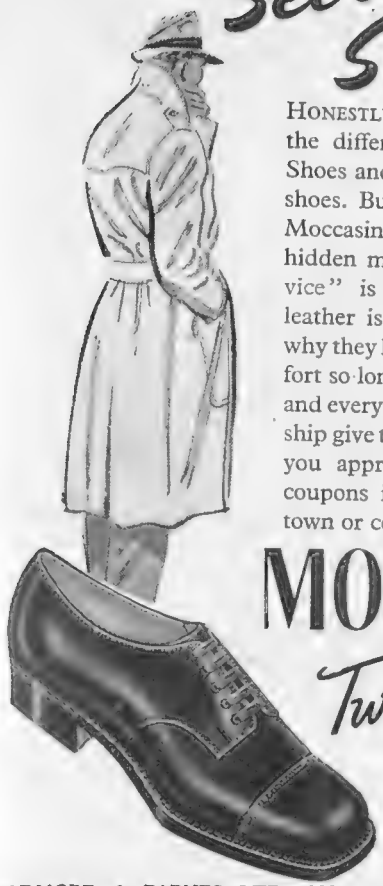
The chaplain said merely: "I'm glad it was quick." He was a good chaplain. He knew what not to say. He stood up. "The boys tell me you did a sweet job of pulling your ship out of that dive, Jonny."

"It was Rip's ship," Jonathan said. "It still is Rip's ship."

"I'll call in to-morrow morning," the chaplain said. "We can get his things together." He hesitated. "Anything I can do, Jonny?"

Jonathan indicated (*Continued on page* 60)

Secret Service!



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Is your system still trying to digest your last meal? You are troubled with wind round the heart and painful indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. This acid spoils every mouthful you eat. It makes food indigestible.

You can stop these distressing attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They remove the cause of digestive upset at once. Whatever you eat—your food remains sweet and digestible. The stomach functions naturally, without any painful after-effects. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets to-day.

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BRAND (Regd)
TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

the typewriter. "You might mail this for me I'll have it ready in a minute."

"I'll go wash up for supper," the chaplain said. "I'll call for it on my way back."

He went out. Jonathan flexed his stiff fingers once. The typewriter clicked on slowly; ". . . a girl back in Texas who was waiting for me. A girl I'd named my ship after. A girl who said she'd marry me. In other words I told her about us, and she seemed to understand, and I thought you'd like to know. That's all for now. Always Rip."

A Letter For Jennifer

Slowly Jonathan twisted the roller, read the casual words, tried to read them as in a few days Jennifer would be reading them. The last letter she would get from Rip. He hesitated a moment, then added one more line.

"P.S. Tiny sends his love."

Then he put his cold hands in his pockets and sat there quietly, waiting for the chaplain to come back.

END

Return to Security

(*Continued from page* 13)

other critics, still survive. Bret Harte, for example, with his tales of the California "Gold Rush," the days of the '49-ers, was a sloppy sentimentalist, not a particularly expert craftsman; and, in the opinion of Mark Twain, he didn't even know what he was talking about. Yet *The Luck of Roaring Camp* will be read as long as Americans, with an early-American heredity—dating from before the 1861-64—remain.

IN 1928 the Red Russians thought they had made a complete break with their past. Tolstoy, Turgenev, Pushkin—they were read, yes, but chiefly in order to show how decadent Russian life was under the Tsars. Now they are the mental food of some 160,000,000 Russians—translated in over sixty-nine languages. Any young Russian aviator to-day is more knowledgeable about Lermontov and Pushkin than almost any English pilot is about Byron. So, as a matter of fact, is the young Russian more aware of Byron. In fact they have carried this literary education to the point where the bulk of young Russia to-day is composed of intellectual prigs. Infuriating prigs. I know of nothing more anger-making than to try to discuss American or British authors with these young Russian intellectuals. They are much more antagonising than our Bloomsbury breed; they are so damnably certain they are right.

THE Russians, probably feeling a little out of things with their ordinary civilian dress suits at foreign diplomatic functions, have now invented a new uniform for their diplomatic corps. For the big shots, such as Molotov, it will have the usual poundage of gold braid. For lesser lights it is to have shoulder straps, and gold or silver facing. I'll be willing to bet that Stalin never puts one on. No, Uncle Joe, if I have him right, will be content with his pinkish *rubashka*, and bluish trousers stuffed into knee boots. I don't suppose he has ever worn a pair of low shoes in his life, or ever will. But, so that Red Russian diplomats may not be confused with waiters, the Soviets will now have their fancy uniforms.

You may ask the question: "But won't the Russians run the danger of succumbing to all this gold lace and things?" I think there is a lot in such a question. It is going to be very hard *not* to form a Bolshoi *élite*. An officer class certainly *seems* to be appearing. Discipline in the Red Army always has been strict. Don't get the idea that Russian privates and colonels ever slapped each other on the back, except, possibly, in the very, very early days—and then out of hours. Now the discipline is the stiffest, the punishments the most drastic, in, I should think, any army in the world. The Red Russians seldom cashier an officer; when his crime has taken him that far, they shoot him. Even slackness, not just merely the conventional falling asleep when on sentry duty, is often punished by death. So is incompetence. To-day one of the strongest things in the Red Army is the way it has taken its former heroes—most of them nobles—as its living heroes. The aristocrats who once seemed smirched with all the laziness, corruption, and incompetence associated with the imperial regime. Yet this very fact—this determination to live up to the great and heroic deeds of the past—even if accomplished by aristocrats—has incontestably added many another hero or skilful general to the Army of the Soviets.

A HERO of the Soviet Union—wearer of that plain solitary gold star—has earned this highest and most envied Soviet decoration just as incontestably as any Englishman earns his V.C. Those are two decorations which have never been prostituted, or ever will be. But the Russians now also give almost the equivalent high decorations to the Heroes of Labour. It is, when you come to think of it, a most sensible award. A man, or a woman, can win it at any time in peace time life.

In reviving decorations, the Red Russians have skilfully, and justly, added the past to the present.

This strength, taken from linking oneself up with the past, is clearly shown by the territorial identity of British regiments. The 51st Highland Division has heaped lustre and glory on the already shining escutcheon of former 51st Highlanders. And it is no need to point out that when they shouted, going into battle: "Up 51st!" many of those brave Scots, so soon to die, did not think of former heroes of their regiment. That is a pretty convincing and obvious example, if one were needed, of this strength from the past. To-day you will notice that Stalin has announced in his Order of the Day that, say, the divisions which took Smolensk will be from now on known as the "Smolensk Divisions," etc. There is no pomp whatever in this reviving, by the Red Russians, of either epaulets, guards, or once again distinguishing regiments by attaching to them famous fighting names. People who try to work it out that way—that the Red Russians are either aping the West, or that they are deliberately creating class in Russia—should be certified. There is a class in Russia—the 3,000,000 Communists. They are the Party of leadership over 160,000,000 people, made up of over a hundred different races. There is a bureaucratic class in Soviet Russia, and many of them are pestilential parasites, bad, if not worse, than our variety.

In this deliberate return to the past in Russia you could truthfully charge that the Red Russians are going Conservative, for it is, in reality, a true conservation of all that they think good in former Russian life. But its ultimate objective does not go along the road to privilege. On the contrary. This almost frantic eagerness in Soviet Russia to educate all Russians in their former heroes and great writers is nothing less than the determination to make every individual Russian see that all of these great people of the past, people who made Russia great and people who have always defended Russia, are a common heritage.

From this comes a common sense of universal ownership of such former glories. From this has come, incontestably, an amazing sense of unity among all the varied races that make up the U.S.S.R. Tolstoy, a Caucasian tribesman feels, belongs to him—not just to the Slavs. And the Slavs feel that the Caucasus belongs to them. This is one way that the Soviet Russians have become one great nation again. Russia is the Mother Russia of them all. On her broad breast they find security.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

ATKINSONS

Eau de Cologne

The gay whirl of the waltz first reached England in 1812, and when the young lady of fashion first danced it, wearing her Indian muslin cut *a la grecque*, her hair turbaned Oriental fashion (and, of course, her Atkinsons Eau de Cologne), there was a great deal of eyebrow raising. To-day the eyebrows are raised again, although this time the cause is the throbbing, sub-tropical rhythm of the Conga, danced in a winding, hip-shaking crocodile. So things don't change much after all.

And although the dancers now wear Utility dresses and shake a rayon ankle, they still love their Atkinsons Eau de Cologne for adding romance and enchantment to a war-time evening. Supplies are scarce though, so please don't be cross if the shopkeeper is out of stock.

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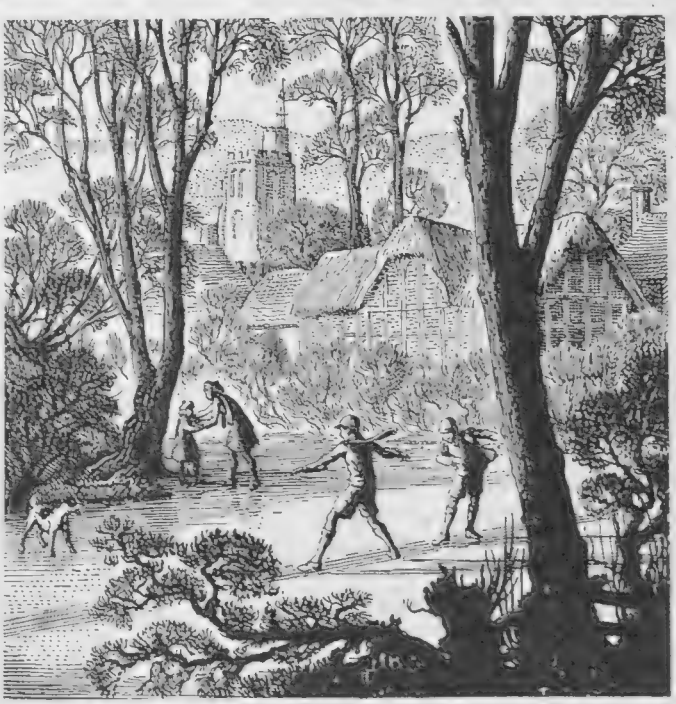

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This is an extract from one of the many letters received and permission has been given by the writer to use this extract.

"Will it affect my baby?"

"Could you please inform me where to go for examination in case of venereal disease? I have got a doctor but would not like to ask him. I feel so ashamed and I can't think how I have got it. Of course I am not sure. Please let me know if it will affect my dear baby in any way. *I shall be pleased to get your advice as I cannot explain how much it worries me. Thanking you kindly."*

The Doctor replies:

"If you feel you cannot go to your own doctor, you should go to a clinic at the address I enclose. Tell the clinic doctor everything; don't keep anything back. The matter will be treated as strictly confidential, and you need have no fear on this point. Examination and treatment are free.

The doctor at the clinic will make tests to find out for certain whether you are infected or not. Your baby should not be infected if it was born before your own suspected infection; but if you had the disease during pregnancy your child might also be infected, and in that case it would be best to have your child examined also. Venereal disease in children can cause blindness, deformity, paralysis and mental defects if it is not attended to in time."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT ARE AVAILABLE at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and Central Council for Health Education (VD-14-30)

A Clean Sweep *(Continued from page 19)*

with a roar. He felt the controls go stiff in his hand. The rest of the squadron followed him down as if they were on aerial circus manœuvres. They whipped through the umbrella of flak with guns roaring at anything in sight. Delbos pulled out and then went for a Stuka that suddenly filled his sights like a plump partridge. He got in a stinging burst and she twisted in mid-air like a marionette dangling on a string.

Suddenly, something exploded over his head and tore off his goggles. He was blinded with blood, but his hand was still on the stick. He throttled hard, desperately, and through the mist of pain saw brick-coloured fields skidding under him. This was the moment. The nightmare had caught up with him, and this time there would be no alarm clock to help him laugh it off. The plane went dead and heavy. He had a vague idea that he should bale out, but instead closed his eyes and sank back. He heard the roar of engines, saw a dozen flashes and then felt himself falling, falling, and choking for air.

Someone was tugging at the straps on his shoulders. Delbos tried to move, but his head was heavy and throbbing. He groaned.

"Okay, old chap," said an alien voice. He felt strong fingers under his armpits and instinctively tried to raise himself. Everything was still blurred, but he could make out a broad, grimy face running with sweat.

"By God, you're no lightweight," the voice complained.

Delbos shook himself. His head felt like a balloon and something was trickling down his nose. He put his hand to his face and stared stupidly at the blood.

"Soon fix that, old fellow," said the cheerful voice. "Just lie quiet for a bit." Delbos lay back on something soft and felt a cool pad mopping at his left eyebrow. That was what had stunned him in the plane, he thought. Things were beginning to shape now. He sat up.

"*Alors, qu'est-ce qui se passe?*" Delbos demanded.

The commando looked at him blankly for a second and then laughed.

"*Mon français is not très—très formidable,*" he said haltingly.

Delbos grinned, although the effort made his head throb again.

"I speak English, captain," he said, noticing the three pips on the other's shoulders. "I crashed my plane and——"

The commando took another dab at the eyebrow. "I'll say you crashed," he laughed. "Missed me by a couple of feet, I swear. Phew!" He took a roll of plaster from his first-aid kit and snipped off a piece. "Dashed if I know how you didn't crack your skull. Your plane went up with a bang just after I got you clear."

"You saved my life, captain," Delbos said slowly. "I owe you a great debt." The stilted phrase came automatically and then, for the first time, the nightmare hit him. He was down in France, in X-sur-Mer itself, shot down in flames just as he had dreamed. His throat went dry.

"My name's Bartlett." He applied the plaster to the cut over the Frenchman's eyebrow. "I got separated from my outfit in the shemozzle back there and was keeping under cover when you hit the deck." He looked around thoughtfully. "I'm damned if I know what to do now. Jerry gave us a nasty pasting, but we managed to get ashore all right. Listen!" From the left came the coughing of anti-tank guns, then a sound of distant chatter. "Tommy-guns," said Bartlett.

Delbos looked around him for the first time. They seemed to be in a shed of some kind. Against the wall was a rusty old cycle, gardening tools, and a few mildewed sacks.

"What time is it?" he asked, glancing at the cracked face of his watch.

"A quarter to four, and about time we got cracking, if you're fit enough."

Delbos staggered to his feet and felt dizzy.

"I feel tight," he said.

"Hang on to my arm for a bit," said Bartlett, taking out his revolver.

The Frenchman followed him cautiously into the street. There seemed to be nobody about, but Bartlett inched his way along the fences.

"We are getting to the centre of the town now," said Delbos, recognising a big department store where he had often bought things in the old days. Almost before he had finished his sentence, bullets bit the wall just over Bartlett's head.

"Down!" he yelled. They flattened themselves and tried to make out the direction of fire.

"Sniper," said the Englishman, creeping forward on his belly.

"No chance of getting through here," he said sharply. "We'd better crawl back and get round the corner or we'll be dead mutton."

The next street was a bit quieter and they made progress, but the Rue Lafayette proved an unpleasant surprise. German guns were mounted at each corner and barricades had been hastily thrown across the road.

Bartlett wiped his nose with the back of his hand and grinned.

"Well, this is your country, old bean," he said cheerily. "What do you suggest?"

Delbos had been staring at the big grey building opposite as if he had seen a ghost.

"The bank," he whispered hoarsely.

Bartlett shrugged his shoulders. "But it's past banking hours," he said lightly. Then he stiffened. "By George, you're right," he said, gripping the other's arm. "We'll be safe there until nightfall, and they've probably got the best shelters in town."

"No, no, we can't go in there," protested Delbos. His mouth was parched and he could feel his heart pounding.

Bartlett did not appear to be listening. He took a hand grenade from his breast pocket. "I'm going to toss this into the laps of those Jerries over there. You run hard for the bank, and I'll follow through."

Before Delbos could say another word the commando had thrown his grenade. Delbos heard the ping of bullets as he ran blindly forward. He threw himself on his stomach as he gained the side-entrance alley. Bartlett was across almost at once and kicked in a window. They both jumped through, ignoring the jagged glass.

"Hope to God they didn't spot us," said Bartlett scrambling to his feet.

"I think you got them all right," said Delbos. They seemed to be in one of the basement offices, probably used during the many daylight raids that X-sur-Mer had suffered in the last few weeks. He began to laugh.

"What's so funny?" demanded Bartlett, making for the door.

Delbos froze up. He had been struck by the amusing thought that a criminal is always reputed to return to the scene of his crime. This was surely a strange twist to the old tag. Bartlett's tone steadied him like a cold douche. If the Huns had seen them cross the street it would be only a minute or two before they threw a cordon round the bank and burst in with Tommy-guns blazing.

They listened tensely. Yes, someone was coming that way. It was a cautious padding sound. Bartlett put his finger to his lips and motioned the Frenchman to duck behind a desk. He himself flattened against the wall to the right of the door. The padding sound became more distinct. Then it ceased. Bartlett held his revolver in a steady hand. Slowly the door opened, and a thin, bony face with a drooping moustache peered in.

"Surrender or I shoot," demanded the stranger in French. Bartlett was about to club him with his revolver but changed his mind. Instead, with an almost negligent flick, he knocked the gun out of the man's hand and tripped him neatly.

"Tell him that I'll blow the daylights out of him if he raises a squawk," said Bartlett grimly.

Delbos translated rapidly, and the man sat on his haunches and grinned broadly.

"You are French," he said delightedly. "And I might have killed you." He got to his feet and then kissed Delbos expressively on both cheeks. He tried to repeat the operation on Bartlett, *(Continued on page 64)*

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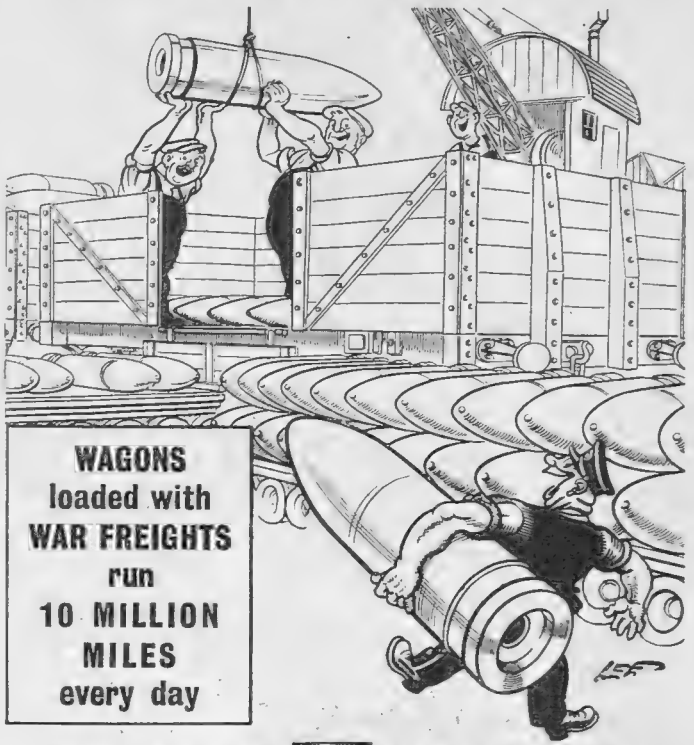

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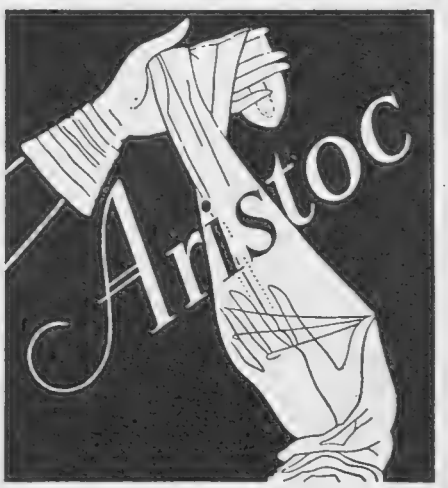

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Ask your chemist's opinion of

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

but the commando side-stepped the salutation.

"Let's win the war first and kiss later," he said gruffly. "Have you any grub here?"

Delbos again interpreted, and the caretaker whisked them to a comfortable little room at the end of the corridor. In a few minutes they were sitting down to coffee, bread and sausage, while the old man babbled delightedly of his certainty that the war would soon be over.

Delbos had listened in depressed silence. This old fellow might not be so friendly if he knew that he was sitting with the man who had murdered his predecessor.

"This job must be dull for an old soldier," said Bartlett in his schoolboy French.

"Not at all, Monsieur le Capitaine," said the old man, puffing at his pipe. "This town had its dramas even before the war. The caretaker who was here before me was shot by armed bandits." He nodded solemnly as if taking a personal pride in the affair.

Delbos had gone very pale. "Did they catch the murderer?" he asked slowly.

The caretaker laughed. "No, Monsieur, because there was no murder. My old friend was shot in the leg and retired with a pension soon after. That is why I succeeded to the position," he explained pompously. "My friend is far from dead. Ha! Ha!" He slapped his thigh. "Why, his wife had twins only three months ago!"

Delbos began to laugh, and then he found himself giggling hysterically until Bartlett looked at him in alarm.

"Take it easy, old boy," he urged. "You

A Clean Sweep

took a very nasty crack whilst in that plane."

But Delbos went on laughing. He felt amazingly light-headed and buoyant. All these years he had been torturing himself as a murderer while his victim was living on a pension and promoting a family. He thought abruptly about the fat package that was now on its way to the Minister of Finance, and still he laughed. He had returned the money to France, and, if memory served, at a handsome rate of interest.

"Twins," he repeated, laughing helplessly.

They were laughing and smoking when the commandos burst in with the good news that X-sur-Mer was now in Allied hands. The Germans were fighting a rearguard action to the south of the city. On the lorry that bounced them back to H.Q., Bartlett looked curiously at his companion.

"Wish I knew why you were laughing like a lunatic back there in the bank," he complained. "What's so funny about twins, anyway? I've got twin boys."

Delbos smiled dreamily. "But these were special twins, wonderful twins," he said mysteriously.

"By the way, what do you do in civilian life?" asked the commando. "I'm a surveyor and got myself transferred from the sappers last year."

Delbos inspected his fingernails. "I used to be in the banking business," he said smoothly. "But I've retired, for good."

END

The Women at the Top

(*Continued from page 42*)

THE new Director of the ATS, Mrs. L. V. L. E. Whateley, C.B.E., has a magnetic personality that is compelling in a subtle, unaggressive manner. So recent is her appointment as Chief Controller and Director that only those who have been fortunate enough, so far, to come into contact with her can appreciate the fact that here is a leader of unmistakable and outstanding quality. As time goes on and she becomes more widely known, this fact will be self-evident. Photographs fail to convey a true impression of Mrs. Whateley; dark-haired, grey-eyed, she has the type of sensitively mobile features and expression of great kindness that are seldom satisfactorily caught by the camera.

She is easy to talk to and has a quiet charm that makes even those who are predisposed to shyness feel immediately at home. Gifted with an unusually balanced sense of justice, Mrs. Whateley studies the needs of officers and of those in the ranks in equal proportion and without bias—which is sensible as well as fair. Where her interest in the welfare side of the Service can be described as particularised, it is in the direction of cooking and the cooks who do it. Mrs. Whateley believes in the saying that "an army marches on its stomach." The well-being and training of ATS cooks, the quality of food served, are among the Chief Controller's main interests; cookery, incidentally, being one of her own private hobbies.

Mrs. Whateley, whose son is an officer cadet at an OCTU in India, is married to a Squadron-Leader in the R.A.F. She comes—most appropriately—from a family with distinguished army associations, being the daughter of Colonel Evelyn Wood, C.B., D.S.O., and the granddaughter of the late Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.

Volunteering for the ATS in 1938, Mrs. Whateley has been one of the longest active members of this Service, with a widely varied experience that includes organisation work and administrative duties; she was the first woman to hold the rank of Senior Controller of the ATS, before being promoted to her present post. The Chief Controller was among the three women who first became members of the City of London Territorial Army and Air Force Association this year.

Since Air Commandant Lady Welsh is also a recently appointed Chief, the public in general has not yet had very much time in which to get to know her; a few words of personal description are, therefore, called for.

Lady Welsh makes the most enchanting first impression—an impression that continues on a closer acquaintance and that remains as a permanency, proved positively by the attitude of all those who work with her and for her. She is tall, slim of build, fair-haired, blue-eyed, an Anglo-Saxon of "Angles, not angels" genus. Her movements are graceful and unhurried, suggesting restrained energy, and she has a faintly tired look that is extremely endearing—because one feels instinctively that here is a woman like other women, not someone charged with that superhuman vitality and resistance to burden-bearing which are so difficult to live up to.

The Director of the WAAF has the sensitive features that express a sympathetic personality; she is psychologically the mother-type, and therefore gives one the feeling that she is approachable, in spite of her high rank: an important asset, this, particularly to someone who is democratic and so genuinely anxious about the welfare side of her Service.

The Air Commandant is the daughter of the late Dr. William Dalzell; her mother is at present in South Africa, the ship in which she travelled having been torpedoed on the way there.

She married Air Marshal Sir William Welsh in 1923, and her son, who is going into the Navy, was born in 1926. Lady Welsh has travelled about the world a good deal, having lived for a time in Canada, America, Rhodesia and Malta, and visited Albania and Palestine. She has had several years of business experience, experience which has been most useful to her in her capacity as an organiser.

During the 1914-1918 war, Lady Welsh (then unmarried, of course) volunteered for the ranks of the FANY as an ambulance and transport driver, and remained in this Service until 1919. She joined the ATS on its formation in 1938, and by 1939 had attained the position of Chief Commandant, eventually transferring to the WAAF. In this Service she has had a great deal of practical and varied experience: in the WAAF Directorate, as Staff Officer at the R.A.F. Headquarters of a balloon group; as a Senior Staff Officer at Fighter Command Headquarters, and finally as Inspector of the WAAF, a post that was created in January, 1943.

END

From Gas Plant to Larder

and GAS for

COOKING

WARMTH

HOT WATER

REFRIGERATION

Another record war-time harvest safely gathered . . result of careful planning and prodigious endeavour . . of skilful fertilization of the soil. For the hard school of experience has taught us the vital part which fertilizers play in the nation's effort to feed itself . . the vital importance, too, of the gas industry which produces more than 80,000 tons of fertilizers every year. Nor is that the only field in which gas serves the nation. It *serves* by providing an efficient fuel for domestic cooking, warmth, hot water, and refrigeration . . by feeding hungry furnaces forging multitudinous munitions of war . . producing invaluable by-products—ammonia benzole, sulphur, tar, and raw materials for plastics and dyes . . *saves* with antiseptics, anæsthetics, drugs and disinfectants. The amazing story of gas in war-time cannot now be told. When it can you will be glad that you **saved all the gas you could.**

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION
LONDON, S.W.1

Pressing needs

UNIFORMS for women have influenced fashion enormously. After the slick neatness of a uniform few of us feel right in frilly dresses or hats with coy bits of veiling. But though fussiness is definitely out, smartness and good grooming are very much in. So please give tailored clothes as much care as you gave your frills, and don't let creased jackets, sagging skirts and depressed hats add to the horrors of war.

Slacks, suits, skirts, tailored dresses need attention at least once a week. Use a skirt board and sleeve board, and, if you use flat irons, keep the bases satin-smooth by rubbing with kitchen salt or fine glass-paper and then polishing with a clean duster.

Press woollen materials on the wrong side through a damp, clean, white cloth. And to get permanently knife-like edges to skirt pleats use the tailor's trick of soaping the insides of seams before pressing; this uses very little of your soap ration, and helps to make war-time suits look like expensive pre-war (or shall we say post-war ?) models. Remove shine from worn skirt seats by rubbing gently with fine glass-paper.

It's the simplest thing in the world to make old felt hats look new: hold them in the steam of a boiling kettle, pull into shape and leave to dry on a hat stand or vase.

Wash the woollen jerseys you wear with tailored clothes fairly often, because perspiration not only stains—it also rots. Wash by squeezing through warm suds, leave to dry stretched to correct shape and size on a pastry board previously covered with a towel, and don't touch until dry; then iron through a damp cloth.

But, in spite of this new simplicity, there are still occasions on which we want to look romantic enough to make strong men weak; so keep a prettily feminine blouse for special dates, and also (need we add ?) the few precious Icilma Beauty Preparations you are able to buy in war time.

★**Cut this out and keep it**—*This and other talks to follow come to you with the good wishes of the makers of Icilma Beauty Products—Vanishing Cream, Cold Cream, Face Powder, Flesh-tinted Cream, and Shampoos.* IC 284-96

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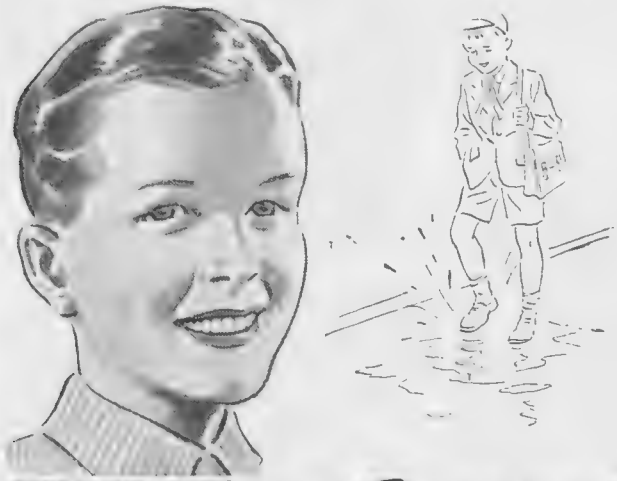

TWICE on Sundays?

Bobby smartens himself up and tries to make up for week-day failings by giving his teeth a "double clean" on Sunday. But the practice is most unsound because teeth care *must* be regular. In the rush of our busy work-a-day week, we must avoid Bobby's error. To keep acid at bay you need to clean your teeth thoroughly, morning and night, with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This toothpaste contains *'Milk of Magnesia,' recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

1/1 *and* 1/10½

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

Take old tubes back to the shop

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

You remember Bluecol

YOU remember many a wintry journey when you travelled in comfort and serenity, thanks to Bluecol, and the mornings brought no bleak surprises via the Radiator. Bluecol ingredients are on essential war work to-day. You will, we feel sure, appreciate that any inability to serve you as in the past is not our choice, but dire necessity. Some day you will once more do your winter travelling with the tranquil mind engendered by a perfect, scientifically compounded anti-freeze.

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1/10½
OCTIM
THE SEARCHING CLEANER
Simmonds Products Ltd., Gt. West Rd., London

Out Of This Nettle

(*Continued from page 15*)

have combined to make the new miracle possible.

The post-war generations will benefit from research on an unprecedented scale, and along new war-taught lines. British industrialists had neglected research, so that Germans and Americans, in a long line of industries, were far ahead in per-man-hour outputs. War has forced these laggards into line. Large industries made up of small units are working out techniques of central research in the common interest.

Food production under war conditions has accelerated agricultural research. Wartime achievements by the Rothamsted Experimental Station range from utilisation of sewage sludge as manure to inoculation of seed with bacteria necessary for their growth in land lacking the necessary growth-producing bacteria. Increased skill in the use of chemical fertilisers has brought healthier and heavier crops with a smaller expenditure of fertiliser. New plant-pest control measures have saved ten to twenty per cent of crop wastage during the war. The general result is a 1943 British harvest which was the biggest ever, nearly 100 million tons.

Beyond all this lies a great revival of agriculture, with more security for farmers and a better wage for agricultural workers. In this island Lord Woolton, as Minister of Reconstruction, has forecast and promised this.

The world over, there will be better production and marketing of foodstuffs and field products. In pre-war times world food production was chaotic. People starved in the midst of gluts which impoverished the growers themselves through price depression. But the wartime food scarcity, and the prospect of a war-caused world food shortage, has now brought sanity to this neglected field of human activity which engages sixty per cent of the world's workers.

The spread of war over Africa, the Middle East and Asia has brought to backward, and formerly remote or inaccessible regions, networks of air, road and railways. One goods train does the job of 20,000 human backs and 40,000 human legs. These new communications, along with ports, traffic and goods handling facilities, and flects of motor trucks, will remain when the war ends. They will do much to develop the backward lands inhabited by a thousand million people, four-fifths of whom scrape a poor living off tiny land patches, and do not own a horse or cow.

The West will benefit greatly from the gradual rise in the living standards of half the world's population.

Turn back and look at the home. Central planning and the reorganisation of community life should lower the sickness rate by diminishing causes of disease and improving public health. Blitzed London will be rebuilt on a decentralised plan which will provide a model for other big industrial cities. Fewer people will live in the congested heart, more will live on the outer rim, in self-contained communities.

FINALLY, we have a whole world turnover of aeronautical engineering and flying facilities from war to peace uses. It is here that probably the greatest technical advances of all have been made. Flying is, at last, as safe as travelling by train or ocean liner, and very much safer than motoring.

END

Early Homemakers

(*Continued from page 29*)

the young are able to fly, the parents persist in using the nest as their "hotel" to which the scattered family have to return for meals.

Do herons rear a second brood each season? Once again, opinions differ. Personally, I think the rule is a variable one, and regulated by existing circumstances; but I have known many instances where the same pair of birds have raised two broods in a year, using the same nest for both families.

Another question often asked is: "Do herons live on fish alone?" The answer is "No." Herons consume many small mammals such as mice, voles, shrews and even small rats—and in common with birds of prey swallow their food whole, afterwards ejecting indigestible portions in the form of pellets (or "castings"). Over ninety per cent of the pellets I have examined have contained mammalian remains, proving that herons have an economic value, and deserve protection.

END

The Battle For Altitude

(*Continued from page 25*)

Effective up to 40,000 ft., oxygen masks maintain an airman's faculties at this altitude. But above six to seven miles reduced air pressure throws its weight into the scales against the conquest of the stratosphere. At sea-level oxygen is driven into the lungs by an air pressure of 14.7 lb. per square inch. But air pressure drops as altitude increases until, at 35,000 ft., it equals but one-third of the sea-level figure; masks may supply pure oxygen, but the rarefied air supplies insufficient pressure on the lungs to keep the pilot breathing.

Reduced pressure has other unpleasant effects. And of these aeroembolism is, perhaps, the most painful and dangerous. Aeroembolism results from the formation of nitrogen bubbles in the spinal column at 18,000 ft., and in the blood at 30,000 ft. Clots of blood impede the blood-stream, producing an agonising condition which deep-sea divers know as the "bends"; and if the airman fails to descend immediately he suffers the first twinges, and death, or at least paralysis, may result.

Obviously, means of overcoming this danger had to be devised before sub-stratosphere bombers could be used effectively. The Americans solved the problem in a novel manner. Prior to the first high-level Fortress raids on the German warships at Brest, carefully selected airmen were given a course in altitude flying. This included a period spent in pressure chambers reproducing the conditions found at great heights; and a period exercising mildly while breathing pure oxygen. The former accustomed them to the pressure conditions they would meet at about 30,000 ft. The effect of the latter is to drive nitrogen from the blood, with a consequent reduction in the risks of the "bends."

Aircraft designers adopted the obvious method of defeating low-atmospheric pressure. They increased the pressure round the airman by artificial means.

The late Wiley Post invented a pressure suit which helped Mario Pezzi, the Italian, attain 56,000 ft. shortly before the war. But whereas pressure suits are far too cumbersome for active service and quite unsuited to civil stratosphere liners, the pressure cabin suits both extremes.

This comprises a sealed cabin fitted with centrifugal pumps which maintain internal pressure at any given height.

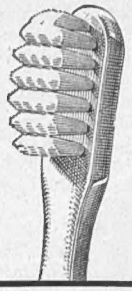
However, first of all the designers had to create a plane suiting stratosphere flight. And in this they faced stupendous difficulties.

They found that engines which at sea level produce 1,400 horse-power, develop only 500 horse-power at 35,000 feet, and that stratospherical conditions produce dangerous stresses and strains liable to cause aircraft to disintegrate. They discovered that new propeller designs were needed before the rarefied air could be "gripped."

These and many other problems were overcome. Suitable pressure-cabins were designed, and the TWA Stratoliners which roar across America proved the practicability of altitude-flying in the commercial field.

END

TOOTH SECURITY



The forces of decay are always waiting to attack. And the teeth we have now must last a lifetime: there is no re-issue. Food particles which cling to the teeth provide a foothold for decay. Only by thorough brushing after every meal can we be sure that the enemy is not infiltrating through our defences.
This regular brushing is a precaution open to us all; but brushing, no matter how painstaking, with a toothbrush that because of its shape cannot possibly reach the entire surface of every tooth, is inefficient.
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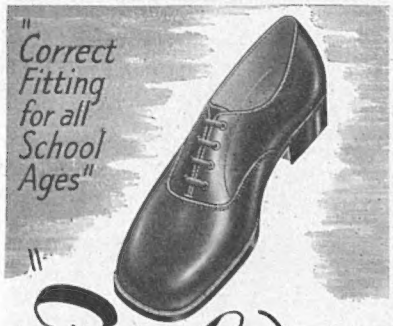

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REGD. TRADE MARK

Made only by KIRBY BEARD & CO. LTD., Birmingham and London, England

Two Toned Sweater

(*Continued from page* 36)

rows as you first worked, then inc. for neck and finish to correspond to first half.

BACK YOKES

Work each as front half, and end by working an extra 6 rows all k. to take buttons, and on one side make buttonholes in third of these 6 rows as follows : starting at neck edge, k. 1* k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 9 ; rep. from * to end. Work 3 more rows. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Start at shoulder by casting on 19 st. in beauty pink. Work the bodice patt. and at same time m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 99 st. (Still keeping patt. in spite of these extra st.). Work straight until side seams are 9 in.

Then k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 67 st. Work a few rows to make side seams 15½ in. (if needed). Cast off.

THE CUFFS (2 alike)

Cast on 20 st. in grey natural. Work the yoke patt. for 7 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side seams of bodice. Sew up yoke shoulders. Pick up 116 st. round neck and work k. 1, p. 1 rib in grey natural for 6 rows. Work a buttonhole by knitting 2 tog., w.fd. above other buttonholes. Work 2 more rows. Cast off. Run a thread of double wool along lower edge of yoke to keep it from stretching more than 13 in. at back and front. Gather bodice and sew on to yokes. Sew on buttons. Sew up sleeve seams and sew in sleeves. Sew on waistbelt.

LARGER SIZES

36-IN.

Cast on 143 st. for both bodice pieces instead of 127 st. Work as 34-in. size otherwise.

WAISTBAND

Work to fit waist.

38-IN.

Cast on 159 st. for both bodice pieces.

String Slippers

(*Continued from page* 40)

to end. Repeat for 9 rows. **11th row.**—1 tr. into first tr. * 2 ch. * 1 tr. into third tr., 1 tr. into next st., 2 ch., rep. from * to end. This forms holes for cord. **12th row.**—2 ch., 1 tr. into every st. to end. Rep. twice more. Break off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew cork and fleecy soles firmly together. Attach string sole over these by sewing firmly round the edge. Stuff heel piece with felt or flock to raise it and sew down open end. Sew front upper and back upper firmly to edges of the soles outside the string sole. Fold front flap under in half, and attach to form loop for cord ; d.c. all round outer edges of slipper front and back to stiffen. Make a ch. with two strands of string, one of each colour. Thread through holes in back of slipper and pass through front loop to tie.

MULES

Wool makes a cosy substitute for string, or as an alternative the top portions of the slipper can be lined before attaching them to the soles. By omitting the backs, the slippers become mules, and a strap can be sewn on to fit across the back of the heel by making a straight length of treble ten st. wide and attaching each end to either side of the sole just behind the instep.

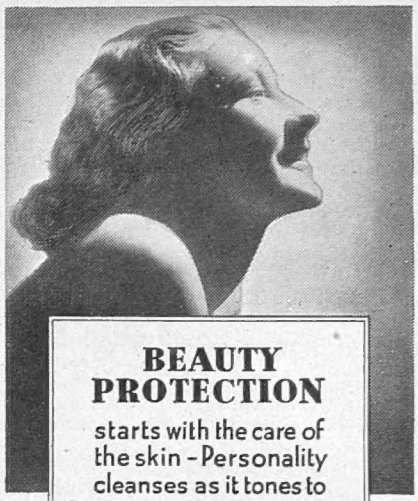
On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 43)

prevent the spots. Be particularly careful to clean your face thoroughly when you get off duty. If you are very grubby start with cold cream and follow on with a warm soap and water wash, giving your face plenty of friction. Finish with a cool rinse. In the morning rinse your face thoroughly with plenty of cool water, and use only the lightest powder foundation and a good fine powder.

P.S. For those older than they should be faces, I have some massage charts. You are welcome to one of these if you care to send a stamped and addressed envelope.

END



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TOILET PAPER TISSUE HANDKERCHIEFS

Fame Awaits These Places (*Continued from page 16*)

through the Customs and Quarantine at Idlewild. Rather will the tone be: "Must you continue your journey to-day?"

These and kindred amenities will of course also cope with weather waits. In fact, the lesson is that a big international airport can and should be fashioned into a highly agreeable and exciting rendezvous centre breathed o'er by romance as well as by the stock markets. Whereat comes a croak. I can't help it. What I should like to know is whether, amid all this palaver about the use of airports, freedom of the air, shall we be left behind in air-liners and freight-carriers, and so forth, whether British Airways are thinking at all in terms of the attractive airport on world routes? Considering how many sites geography will bestow on us?

If a spot unknown twenty miles outside Port of Spain, Trinidad, is any criterion, the answer must be, so far, distinctly in the negative. Trinidad is a No. 1 halting place on the main air route between North and South America and even in wartime huge four-engined strato-liners put down daily, and, what is more, passengers are not only keen to see what we make of a British colony: Trinidad, having somehow earned in the Americas the reputation of being "the world's potentially richest island," wakes transients right up. To find what? The dreariest and most uncomfortable halting place along the whole journey.

Some miles from Dakar there is a village on a lagoon that has given its name—St. Philippe I think—to a ranking airport and one can well imagine how the French will lay themselves out to attract custom once this stop becomes listed among the twenty chief strategic airports of the world. They will be capable of experimenting with a tropical Deauville in miniature, to catch dollars and sterling. The dreadful Senegal climate? Know you that air conditioning is going to revolutionise brief sojourns in places hitherto too uncomfortable to contemplate?

The West Coast is still a most trying spot, but we have bulldozed a jungle there to build a hush-hush airport and it is to be hoped that before the time comes for this to fit into globe-girdling air travel, reception amenities will have advanced far beyond the Trinidad standard, and this goes for all oncoming "Croydons" being pin-pointed by Lord Knollys's show. I am not overlooking the excellent desert guest houses Airways have pioneered in, but it is now necessary to view things in an infinitely bigger way.

This West African stop will be the main link between London and South America where another Natal is preparing to claim more world attention than South Africa's. Brazil's Natal looks like becoming the most frequented air hub of this up-and-coming South America and already there are embryo signs of Rio's exotic appeal being introduced there specially for air travellers.

I don't know a quarter of the places that await fame as world airports. There's a tendency to keep them secret. But one is struck by the amazing variety of climates, peoples and landscapes upon which an aerial Verne could alight in the course of two or three weeks. Do you want Mont Blanc air? Okay. Book for Frederiksdal in Greenland. This seems to be the major airport nearest the North Pole. But some sort of artificial stop will have to be hewn in the Arctic Circle which is destined to be the Clapham Junction of the sky routes of the world.

Did I hear you say you fancy a Chinese ambience? Right, stay off in Fusan (Korea) or Toijo. These two are on the air route from Vladivostok to Singapore, along which you could also sample Soviet hospitality at Petropavlovsk, and Tonkinoise ditto at Amoy. Would you care to verify those tales of awful outsize insects up the Amazon? Book to Belem. Or you might like to absorb T. E. Lawrence atmosphere at Accra, the Red Sea's donation to world air travel.

Other unknown airports scheduled for inclusion among the first twenty, for strategic importance, are Russkol Ustye, Nova Zemlya, and Point Barrow.

Then there's Truk. Nine hundred miles north of another newcomer, Rabaul, Truk will be one of many aerial Gibraltars destined to develop from what are still to-day little-known or unknown islands and coastal points.

Then new names may be given to much bigger new airports with mile-long runways, listed for Tangier, Oslo, Istanbul, Baghdad, Karachi, Bangkok, Darwin, Botwood and Miami, and just think in what varied and spicy ways of life a round trip of that bunch would land you. The Moor, the Viking, Galata, Haroun-el-Rachid, India, the colourful but sad, dainty Siamese, Diggers, Atlantic fogs, and Bailey's Beach where etiquetty would trip up Purple Stick or Gold Wand.

And have you heard of Farlington and Langstone? Well, one may be London Terminal, Essex, and the other, the seaplane harbour for Southern England, at Portsmouth. And I was just forgetting an at present unknown trinity of which we are going to hear quite a lot. Santa Anna, Lagene, and Achada, all in the Azores, which is one of the places I hope to head for, about eight hours from Falmouth, *après la guerre*.

END

Islands of Mystery and Romance (*Continued from page 20*)

important crater of Volcano seems to have had a higher repute among the ancients than its bigger neighbour. Here was situated the legendary forge of Vulcan, where the lame blacksmith-god wrought the magic armour of Aeneas, and the general term "volcano" for a smoking mountain seems, indeed, to have been derived from this comparatively insignificant peak of little over a thousand feet.

The islands of the Tuscan Archipelago lie strung out along the Italian coast south of the port of Leghorn. They too have a long and fairly eventful history, but their main interest centres in Elba, the largest of the group, and its association with the Emperor Napoleon.

Elba was known to the Greeks as Aethalia, or Soot Island, in reference to the iron-smelting which was and still is one of the island's chief industries. The other furnishes a striking contrast. It is the quarrying of the white marble from which such buildings as the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa were constructed; so that Elba might equally well be termed Magpie, or Black-and-White, Island.

The island has had many masters—Etruscan, Carthaginian, Roman, Pisan, Genoese, Florentine, Spanish, and for a short time, British. In 1802 it became French, and in 1814 it was created a sovereign state for the Emperor Napoleon on his abdication.

But no toy kingdom could long content the Man of Destiny; nor could petty triumphs such as the "conquest" of the neighbouring island of Pianosa ("Flat" Island) satisfy his ambitions. Less than a year after his arrival in Elba plans were already matured for his departure.

On February 27 a State Ball was held at which Napoleon's sister Pauline acted as hostess. On the night of the ball Napoleon walked alone in the gardens of the Villa San Martino, and his sister, going in search of him, heard him talking to himself. It was dark at the time; or who knows that she might not have caught a glimpse of the mysterious scarlet-robed negro dwarf—familiar or what not—whom legend associates with the great crises of Napoleon's life.

The following day, at three in the afternoon, Napoleon stepped on board the *Inconstant*, on the first stage of the road which was to end at the field of Waterloo.

A little to the north of Elba lies Capraia, the "island of goats," which has a ruined "Pirates' Tower" on a rocky promontory, dating probably from the days of the Barbary corsairs, who used to make frequent descents on the Italian coast when their power was at its height.

Capraia is often confused with another Goat Island, Caprera, which lies a little to the north of Sardinia, and, small though it is, has a world-wide renown among lovers of Italian liberty.

In 1855 Giuseppe Garibaldi bought it in order to make a home there. For a time he lived in a tent until he had built himself a hut; later some English admirers presented him with a four-roomed house, in which the patriot lived for years in the greatest simplicity.

Caprera was the starting point of many of his expeditions in support of the cause of Italy's freedom, and to it, whether defeated or victorious, he always returned. There he died and was buried; and his grave and former home have been places of pilgrimage for years for Italian patriots from all over the world.

But to return to the Tuscan Islands—perhaps the most famous of them, not excluding even Elba, is the rugged granite rock, only a few miles in extent, which rises, grim, sheer and forbidding, out of the sea a little to the south of Elba. It was by the merest chance that Alexandre Dumas, returning in 1842 with Napoleon's twenty-year-old nephew from a visit to his uncle's former realm, sighted from the deck of their ship the solitary island and was at once fascinated by its solitary and forbidding grandeur.

"What island is that?" he asked. "Monte Cristo," answered a passing sailor. And so it was that the name became one of the most famous in the world of adventure and romance.

From Monte Cristo's island the transition is easy to the Castle of the Yew Tree.

The Château d'If—its yew trees, by the way, are now no more—stands on one of the group of rocky islets which guard the harbour of Marseilles. Dumas writes of it as a "black and frowning rock"; and no doubt the place has its gloomy aspects. But the day I saw it I remember only golden, sun-warmed rocks and tiny coves lapped by blue and green translucent waters.

The ghost of Dante still haunted the Château then, even as Jan Ridd and the Doones linger on Exmoor. They used to show you his dungeon and that of the Abbé Faria. That was in the year before the war, and it may be that the shadow of German occupation has driven it away.

But the old state prison of François I need not want for memories. It may even have acquired new ones since then. Memories of priest and soldier, of prince and courtier, of the innocent and guilty, of youth wearing out its heart in captivity, doomed to drag out its days in the cells above ground or in the dark and slimy dungeons beneath. Chief among these shadows is that of the Man in the Iron Mask, that mysterious captive whose face was never seen and whose identity will never now be solved.

Who was he? Mattioli—Dauger the valet—a natural son of Charles II of England or of Le Roi Soleil himself?

No one can tell. But the stones of the Castle of the Yew Tree, if they could speak, hold that and many another secret.

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